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Hymns AND Litanyes

Compiled for sole use at
The Chapel of S. MARY, STAR of the SEA,
in Wemyss Castle,

BY ✓
HERBERT S. DEAN
(Sacristan and Organist.)



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R. W. W.

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MORNING AND EVENING.

1

A Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem ;
Each present day, thy last esteem ;
Improve thy talent with due care ;
For the Great Day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience as the noon tide clear,
Think how All-seeing God thy ways,
Thy every secret thought surveys.
- * 4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the Eternal KING.
- * 5 All praise to Thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept.
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

- * 6 I would not wake, nor rise again ;
 E'en Heaven itself I would disdain,
 Wert Thou not there to be enjoyed,
 And I in hymns to be employed.
- * 7 Heaven is, dear LORD, where'er Thou art,—
 Oh, never, then, from me depart :
 For to my soul, 'tis Hell, to be
 But for one moment without Thee.
- 8 LORD, I my vows to Thee renew :
 Scatter my sins as morning dew :
 Guard my first springs of thought and will
 And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
 All I design, or do, or say ;
 That all my powers, with all their might,
 In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 10 Praise GOD from whom all blessings flow :
 Praise Him all creatures here below :
 Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
 Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen

2

"The Day is Thine."

O TIMELY happy, timely wise,
 Hearts that with rising morn arise !
 Eyes that the beam celestial view,
 Which evermore makes all things new !

- 2 New every morning is the love,
 Our wakening and uprising prove :
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life and power and thought.

- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of GOD, new hopes of heaven.
- 4 If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still of countless price
God will provide for sacrifice.
- 5 Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.
- 6 The trivial round, the common task
Will furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer GOD.
- 7 Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

3

"The Sun of Righteousness."

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
CHRIST, the true, the only LIGHT,
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night ;
Day-spring from on high, be near ;
Day-star, in my heart appear.

- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee ;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams I see ;

Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

- 3 Visit then this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief ;
 Fill me, Radiancy divine ;
 Scatter all my unbelief ;
 More and more Thyselv display
 Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

4

LABENTE IAM SOLIS ROTA.

AS now the sun's declining rays
 Towards the eve descend ;
E'en so our years are sinking down
 To their appointed end.

- 2 LORD, on the Cross Thine Arms were stretched
 To draw us to the sky ;
O grant us then that Cross to love,
 And in those Arms to die.
3 To God the FATHER, God the Son,
 And God the HOLY GHOST,
All glory be from Saints on earth,
 And from the Angel-host. Amen.

5

An Evening Hymn.

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light.
Keep me, O keep me, KING of kings,
Under Thine own almighty wings.

- 2 Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;

That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed :
Teach me to die, that so I may,
Triumphing, rise at the last day.
- 4 Oh may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;—
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
- * 6 Oh ! when shall I in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And endless praise with th' heavenly choir
Incessant sing, and never tire ?
- * 7 Yon, my blest Gwardian, whilst I sleep,
Close to my bed your vigils keep ;
Divine love into me instil :
Stop all the avennes of ill.
- * 8 Thought to thought with my soul converse ;
Celestial joys to me rehearse ;
And in my stead all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.
- 9 Praise God from whom all blessings flow :
Praise Him all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host :
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

6

"And the Night is Thine."

SUN of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear,
It is not night if Thou be near :
Oh ! may no earth-born could arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold,
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thoughts, how sweet to rest
For ever on my SAVIOUR's breast !
- 4 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 5 Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark :
Amid the howling wintry sea,
We are in port if we have Thee.
- 6 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 7 Watch by the sick : enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store :
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

- 8 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take :
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

7

"Christ the Healer."

AT even, when the sun did set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay ;
O in what divers pains they met !
O with what joy they went away !

- 2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near.
What if Thy form we cannot see ?
We know and feel that Thou art here.
- 3 O Saviour CHRIST, our woes dispel ;
For some are sick and some are sad ;
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.
- 4 And some are pressed with worldly care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt ;
And some such grieved passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out.
- 5 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free ;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.
- 6 And none, O LORD, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin ;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of wrong within.

- 7 O Saviour, CHRIST, Thou too art man :
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried ;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide :
8 Thy touch has still its ancient power ;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall ;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.

8

"The Day is far spent."

ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide :
The darkness thickens : LORD, with me abide,
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

- * 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou who changeth not, abide with me.
* 3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, LORD :
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me.
* 4 Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings :
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea ;
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me.
5 I need Thy presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's
power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

- 6 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ils have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is Death's sting ? where, Grave, thy
victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 7 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes,
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the
skies : [shadows flee ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

9

Hymn for Sunday Night.

EVENSONG is hushed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh :
Strengthen us for work to-morrow,
Son of Mary, God Most High :
Thou who in the village workshop,
Fashioning the yoke and plough,
Didst eat bread by daily labour,
Succour them that labour now.

We are weary of life's long toil,
Of sorrow, and pain, and sin :
But there is a city with streets of gold,
And all is peace within.

- 2 We have sung the psalms Thou sangest,
In Thy FATHER'S House of old,
When the voices of the Levites,
In a storm of music rolled :
We have done as Thou hast ordered,
Offering the Bread and Wine :

Words of power are softly spoken,
JESUS comes into His shrine.
We are weary, &c.

3 How are we to reach the City,
Whose delights no tongue can tell ?
By the faith that looks to JESUS,
Who sat weary by the well :
Sinful men and sinful women,
He will wash our sins away,
He will take us to the sheepfold,
Whence no sheep can ever stray.
We are weary, &c.

4 When we enter that bright City,
What the vision we behold !
Gates of pearl and walls of jasper,
Streets of pure transparent gold !
Are there many mansions empty ?
Lone the terraces so fair ?
JESUS and His Angels pace them ;
How He longs to see us there !
We are weary, &c.

5 There the dear ones who have left us
We shall some day meet again :
There will be no bitter partings,
No more sorrow, death, or pain.
Evensong has closed in silence,
And the hour of rest is nigh,
Lighten Thou our darkness, JESU,
SON OF MARY—GOD MOST HIGH.
We are weary of life-long toil,
Of sorrow, and pain, and sin ;
But there is a City with streets of gold,
And all is *joy* within. Amen.

10

ΤΗΝ ΗΜΕΡΑΝ ΔΙΕΛΩΩΝ.

THE day is past and over,
All thanks, O LORD, to Thee !
I pray Thee now, that sinless
The hours of dark may be.
O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night.

- 2 The joys of day are over :
I lift my heart to Thee ;
And ask Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O JESU, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.
- 3 The toils of day are over :
I raise the hymn to Thee ;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of dark may be.
O JESU, keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.
- 4 Lighten mine eyes, O SAVIOUR,
Or sleep in death shall I ;
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry :
“ He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night.”
- 5 Be Thou my soul’s preserver.
O GOD ! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men ! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.
Amen.

11

An Evening Prayer.

SWEET SAVIOUR ! bless us ere we go;
Thy word into our minds instil ;
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle JESUS, be our light !

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And Thou hast taken count of all—
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day, &c.

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days
With purity and inward peace.
Through life's long day, &c.

* 4 Do more than pardon : give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty ;
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.
Through life's long day, &c.

* 5 Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled ;
And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;
Let not our works with self be soiled,
Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.
Through life's long day, &c.

6 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call :

Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad ;
Thou art our Jesus and our All !
Through life's long day, &c.

- 7 Sweet Saviour ! bless us ; night is come,
Mary and Joseph near us be ;
Good Angels, watch about our home ;
And we are one day nearer Thee.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night.
O gentle Jesus, be our light ! Amen.

12

“ I am the Lord thy God.”

- 1 AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to Thy knee ;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship Thee.
- 2 The hope of Heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives Thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what Thou art.
- 3 For Thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright ;
And round us, when we speak Thy Name
There spreads a heaven of light.
- 4 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellency Divine ;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair Thy beauties shine !

- 5 O Thou, above all blessing blest
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are :
- 6 For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, " A perfect GOD is He,
And He is fully ours."
- 7 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

ADVENT.

13

INSTANTIS ADVENTVM DEI

THE Advent of our King
Our prayers must now employ
And we must hymns of welcome sing
In strains of holy joy.

- 3 The Everlasting Son
 Incarnate deigns to be :
 Himself a servant's form puts on,
 To set His servants free.
- 3 Daughter of Sion, rise
 To meet thy lowly King :
 Nor let thy faithless heart despise
 The peace He comes to bring.
- 4 As Judge, on clouds of light,
 He soon will come again,
 And His true Members all unite
 With Him in Heav'n to reign.
- 5 Before the dawning day
 Let sin's dark deeds be gone ;
 The old man all be put away,
 The new man all put on.

6 All glory to the Son,
Who comes to set us free.
With FATHER, SPIRIT, ever ONE,
Through all eternity. Amen.

14

EN CLARA VOX REDARGVIT

HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
“CHRIST is nigh,” it seems to say;
“Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!”

- 2 Startled at the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
CHRIST, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo! the LAMB, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from Heav’n;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven;
- 4 So when next He comes with glory,
Wrapping all the earth in fear,
May He then as our Defender
On the clouds of Heav’n appear.
- 5 Honour, glory, virtue, merit,
To the FATHER and the SON,
With the co-eternal SPIRIT,
While eternal ages run. Amen

15

IORDANIS ORAS PRÆVIA.

ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry,
Announces that the Lord is nigh :
Come then and hearken, for He brings
Glad tidings from the King of kings.

- 2 E'en now the air, the sea, the land,
Feel that their Maker is at hand ;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome Him with cheerful voice.
- 3 Then cleans'd be every Christian breast,
And furnished for so great a Guest ;
Yea, let us each our hearts prepare
For CHRIST to come and enter there.
- 4 For Thou art our Salvation, LORD,
Our Refuge, and our great reward,
Without Thy grace our souls must fade,
And wither like a flower decayed.
- 5 Stretch forth Thine hand to heal our sore,
And make us rise to fall no more :
Once more upon Thy people shine,
And fill the world with love divine.
- 6 To Him, Who left the throne of Heaven
To save mankind, all praise be given :
Like praise be to the FATHER done,
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One. Amen.

16

VENI VENI EMMANUEL.

DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Emmanuel,
And ransom captive Israel.
That mourns in lonely exile here,
Until the Son of God appear.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall be born for Thee, O Israel !

- 2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy :
From Hell's infernal pit to save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel !
- 3 Draw nigh, Thou Orient, Who shalt cheer
And comfort by Thine Advent here,
And banish far the brooding gloom
Of sinful night and endless doom.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel !
- 4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The Heavenly Gate will ope to thee ;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel !
- 5 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of Might,
Who to Thy tribes from Sinai's height
In ancient time didst give the law,
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Emmanuel
Shall be born for thee, O Israel ! Amen.

17

"Behold, I come quickly."

LO ! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain :
Thousand, thousand Saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train :
Alleluia !
God appears on earth to reign.

- 2 Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty ;
They who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced and nailed Him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.
- 3 Those dear tokens of His Passion.
Still His dazzling Body bears ;
Cause of endless exultation
To His ransomed worshippers :
With what rapture,
Gaze we on those glorious Scars.
- 4 Now, redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear !
All His Saints, by man rejected,
Rise to meet Him in the air :
Alleluia !
See the day of God appear.
- 5 Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine Eternal Throne !
SAVIOUR ! take the power and glory,
Claim the Kingdom for Thine own !
O come quickly,
Alleluia ! Come ! LORD, come ! Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

18

CORDE NATVS EX PARENTIS.

OF the FATHER sole-begotten
Ere the worlds began to be,
He is Alpha and Omega,
 He the source, the ending He,
Of the things that are, that have been,
 And that future years shall see,
 Evermore and evermore.

2 He is here, Whom seers in old time
 Chanted of while ages ran ;
Whom the writings of the Prophets
 Promised since the world began :
Then foretold, now manifested,
 To receive the praise of men,
 Evermore and evermore.

3 O ye heights of Heav'n, adore Him :
 Angel-hosts, His praises sing ;
All dominions, bow before Him,
 And extol our GOD and KING ;

Let no tongue of man be silent,
Every voice in concert ring,
Evermore and evermore.

- 4 O that ever-blessed Birthday !
When the Virgin, full of grace,
By the HOLY GHOST conceiving,
Bare the Saviour of our race,
And that Child, the world's Redeemer,
First reveal'd His sacred Face,
Evermore and evermore.
- 5 Thee let old men, Thee let young men,
Thee let boys in chorus sing ;
Matrons, virgins, little maidens,
With glad voices answering ;
Let their guileless songs re-echo,
And the heart its praises bring,
Evermore and evermore.
- 6 CHRIST, to Thee, with God the FATHER,
And, O HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
Hymns, and chant, and high thanksgiving,
And unwearied praises be,
Honour, glory, and dominion,
And eternal victory,
Evermore and evermore. Amen.

19

ADESTE FIDELES.

O COME, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem ;
Come and behold Him,
Born, the King of Angels ;

O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O Come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.

2 GOD of GOD,
LIGHT of LIGHT,
Lo ! He abhors not the Virgin's womb ;
Very God,
Begotten, not created ;
O come let us adore Him, &c.

3 Sing, choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of Heav'n above :
“ Glory to God
In the highest ; ”
O come, let us adore Him, &c.

4 Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning ;
JESU, to Thee be glory given ;
WORD of the FATHER,
Now in flesh appearing ;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the LORD.
Amen.

20

“ The Word was made Flesh.”

HARK, how all the welkin rings
Glory to the KING of kings :
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled ;

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
Universal nature say,
CHRIST the LORD, is born to-day.

- 2 CHRIST, by highest Heaven adored ;
CHRIST, the everlasting LORD ;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb :
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see ;
Hail the Incarnate DEITY,
Pleased as Man with man to appear,
JESUS, our Immanuel here.
- 3 Hail, the heavenly Prince of Peace,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness ;
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
- 4 Come, Desire of Nations, come,
Fix in us Thy humble home ;
Rise, the woman's conquering Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's head.
Now display Thy saving power,
Ruined nature now restore,
Now in mystic union join
Thine to ours, and ours to Thine.
- 5 Adam's likeness, LORD, efface ;
Stamp Thy Image in its place ;

Second Adam from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.
Let us Thee, though lost, regain,
Thee the Life, the Heavenly Man :
O, to all Thyself impart,
Formed in each believing heart. Amen.

21

"And dwelt among us."

ONCE in royal David's city
Stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a Mother laid her Baby
In a manger for His bed ;
Mary was that Mother mild,
JESUS CHRIST her little Child.

- 2 He came down to earth from Heaven
Who is God and LORD of all,
And His shelter was a stable,
And His cradle was a stall ;
With the poor, and mean, and lowly,
Lived on earth our Saviour Holy.
- 3 And, through all His wondrous childhood,
He would honour and obey,
Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
In whose gentle arms He lay :
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, good as He.
- 4 For He is our childhood's pattern,
Day by day like us He grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless,
Tears and smiles like us He knew ;

And He feeleth for our sadness,
And He shareth in our gladness.

- 5 And our eyes at last shall see Him,
Through His own redeeming love,
For that Child so dear and gentle
Is our LORD in Heav'n above :
And He leads His children on
To the place where He is gone.
- 6 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see Him ; but in Heaven,
Set at GOD's right hand on high ;
When like stars His children crown'd
All in white shall wait around. Amen.

EPIPHANY.

22

O SOLA MAGNARVM VREIVM.

EARTH has many a noble city :
Bethlehem, thou dost all excel :
Out of thee the LORD from Heaven
Came to rule His Israel.

- 2 Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told His birth,
To the world its GOD announcing
Seen in fleshly form on earth.
- 3 Eastern sages at His cradle
Make oblations rich and rare ;
See them give, in deep devotion,
Gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.
- 4 Sacred gifts of mystic meaning :
Incense doth their GOD disclose,
Gold the KING of kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh His sepulchre foreshows.
- 5 JESU, Whom the Gentiles worshipp'd
At Thy glad Epiphany,
Unto Thee, with GOD the FATHER
And the SPIRIT, glory be. Amen.

23

The Shadow of the Cross
(DIVINE CRESCEBAS PVER).

THE Heav'ly Child in stature grows,
And, growing, learns to die ;
And still His early training shows
His eoming agony.

- 2 The Son of God His glory hides
With parents mean and poor ;
And He, Who made the heavens, abides
In dwelling-place obscure.
- 3 Those mighty hands that rule the sky
No earthly toil refuse ;
The Maker of the stars on high
An humble trade pursues.
- 4 He, Whom the choirs of Angels praise
Bearing each dread decree,
His earthly parents now obeys
In deep humility.
- 5 For this Thy lowliness reveal'd,
JESU, we Thee adore,
And praise to God the FATHER yield
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

24

“ The LORD’s Song in a strange land.”
(ALLEVIA DVLCE CARMEN).

ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,
Voice of joy that cannot die ;
ALLELUIA is the anthem
Ever dear to choirs on high ;
In the house of God abiding
Thus they sing eternally.

2 ALLELUIA thou resoundest
True Jerusalem and free ;
ALLELUIA, joyful Mother,
All thy children sing with thee :
But by Babylon's sad waters
Mourning exiles now are we.

3 ALLELUIA cannot always
Be our song while here below ;
ALLELUIA our transgressions
Make us for awhile forego ;
For the solemn time is coming
When our tears for sin must flow.

4 Therefore in our hymns we pray Thee,
Grant us, Blessed TRINITY,
At the last to keep Thine Easter
In our Home beyond the sky,
There to Thee for ever singing
ALLELUIA joyfully. Amen.

25

TE LAETA MVNDI CONDITOR

CREATOR of the world, to Thee
An endless rest of joy belongs ;
And heavenly choirs are ever free
To sing on high their festal songs.

2 But we are fallen creatures here,
Where pain and sorrow daily come ;
And how can we in exile drear
Sing out, as they, sweet songs of Home ?

- 3 O FATHER, Who dost promise still
That they who mourn shall blessed be,
Grant us to weep for deeds of ill
That banish us so long from Thee :
- 4 But, weeping, grant us faith to rest
In hope upon Thy loving care ;
Till Thou restore us with the blest
Their songs of praise in Heaven to share.
- 5 To FATHER, Son, and HOLY GHOST,
The God Whom Heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the Angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

LENT.

26

IESV QVADRAGENARIAE.

JESU, our Lenten fast of Thee
We duteons learn to keep,
A healing time, by Thy decree,
For all Thy wounded sheep ;

- 2 A time in which towards Paradise,
Once lost by carnal sense,
The souls redeem'd by Thee may rise
Through chastening abstinence.
- 3 Now with Thy Church be present, LORD,
In all Thy saving grace,
And hear us as with one accord,
Mourning, we seek Thy Face.
- 4 Most Merciful, forgive the past ;
The sins which we deplore ;
Thy sheltering arms around us cast,
That we may sin no more.
- 5 To Thee our sacrifice we bring
Of Lenten fast and prayer,

Till, cleansed by Thee, our God and King,
Thy Paschal joy we share.

- 6 Grant this, O FATHER, through Thy SON,
And through the SPIRIT Blest,
Who art with them for ever ONE,
Eternally confess. Amen.

27

With JESUS in the Wilderness.

FORTY days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild ;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

- 2 Sunbeams scorching all the day ;
Chilly dew-drops mighty shed ;
Prowling beasts about Thy way ;
Stones Thy pillow ; earth Thy bed.

- 3 Shall not we Thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
Fasting with unceasing prayer,
Glad with Thee to suffer pain ?

- 4 And if Satan, vexing sore,
Flesh or spirit should assail,
Thou, his Vanquisher before,
Grant we may not faint nor fail.

- 5 So shall we have peace Divine ;
Holier gladness ours shall be ;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as minister'd to Thee.

6 Keep, O keep us, SAVIOUR dear,
Ever constant by Thy side ;
That with Thee we may appear
At th' eternal Eastertide. Amen.

28

ΩΤ ΓΑΡ ΒΑΕΝΕΙΣ ΤΩΣ ΤΑΡΑΤΤΟΝΤΑΣ

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowл around ?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss ;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy Cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin ?
Christian, never tremble ;
Never be down-cast ;
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten fast.

3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair ?
“ Always fast and vigil ? ”
Always watch and prayer ? ”
Christian, answer boldy,
“ While I breathe I pray ; ”
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 " Well I know thy trouble,
 O My servant true ;
Thou art very weary,—
 I was weary too ;
But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all Mine own,
And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near My throne." Amen.

29

" Lest I myself should be a castaway."

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

- 2 Holy JESU, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.
- 3 LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.
- 4 By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,
- 5 By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.
- 6 Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold Thy face. Amen.

PASSION-TIDE.

30

VEXILLA REGIS PRODEVNT.

THE Royal Banners forward go :
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow :
Where He in flesh, our flesh Who made,
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

- 2 Where deep for us the spear was dy'd,
Life's torrent rushing from His side,
To wash us in that precious flood
Where mingled Water flow'd, and Blood.
- 3 Fulfill'd is all that David told
In true Prophetic song of old ;
Amidst the nations God, saith he,
Hath reign'd and triumph'd from the Tree.
- 4 O Tree of beauty, Tree of light !
O Tree with royal purple dight !
Elect on whose triumphal breast
Those holy limbs should find their rest :
- 5 On whose dear arms, so widely flung,
The weight of this world's ransom hung :
The price of human kind to pay,
And spoil the Spoiler of his prey.

- 6 O Cross, our one reliance, hail !
Both now and evermore, avail
To give fresh merit to the saint,
And pardon to the penitent.
- 7 To Thee, Eternal THREE in ONE,
Let homage meet by all be done :
Whom by the Cross Thou dost restore,
Preserve and govern evermore ! — Amen.

31

GLORIA LAUS ET HONOR.

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King,
To Whom the lips of children
Made sweet Hosannas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessed One.
All glory, &c.

3 The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

4 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went ;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

- 5 To Thee before Thy Passion
 They sang their hymns of praise ;
 To Thee now throned in glory
 Our melody we raise.
 All glory, &c.
- 6 Thou didst accept their praises,
 Accept the prayers we bring,
 Who in all good delightest,
 Thou good and gracious King.
 All glory, &c.
- 7 Receive instead of palm-boughs,
 Our victory o'er the foe ;
 That in the Conqueror's triumph
 This strain may ever flow :—
 All glory, &c.
 Amen.

NOTE.—The following stanza formed part of the original of this hymn

Be Thou, O Lord, the Rider,
 And we the little ass ;
 That to God's Holy City
 Together we may pass.
 All glory, &c.

32

IN PASSIONE DOMINI.

IN the LORD's atoning grief
 Be our rest and sweet relief ;
 Store we deep in heart's recess
 All the shame and bitterness.

2 Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,
 Wounds, our treasure that enhance,
 Vinegar, and gall, and reed,
 And the pang His soul that freed,

- 3 May these all our spirits sate,
And with love inebriate ;
In our souls plant virtue's root,
And mature its glorious fruit.
- 4 Crucified ! we Thee adore,
Thee with all our hearts implore ;
Us with Saintly bonds unite
In the realms of heavenly light.
- 5 CHRIST, by coward hands betray'd,
CHRIST, for us a captive made,
CHRIST, upon the bitter Tree
Slain for man, be praise to Thee. Amen

33

JESUS crucified

OH come and mourn with me awhile,
See, Mary calls us to her side ;
Oh come and let us mourn with her ;
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !

- 2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride ?
Ah ! look how patiently He hangs ;
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !
- 3 How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed ;
His blessed Tongue with thirst is tied ;
His failing Eyes are blind with blood ;
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !
- 4 His Mother cannot reach His Face ;
She stands in helplessness beside ;
Her Heart is martyred with Her Son's ;
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !

- 5 Seven times he spoke, seven words of love,
And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men :
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !
- 6 Death came, and JESUS meekly bowed ;
His failing eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face :
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !
- 7 O break, O break, hard heart of mine !
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and His Judas were :
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !
- 8 Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross,
And let the Blood from out that Side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop :
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !
- 9 A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied ;
A broken heart, love's cradle is ;
JESUS, our Love, is crucified !
- 10 O Love of God ! O Sin of man !
In this dread act your strength is tried ;
And victory remains with love ;
For He, our Love, is crucified ! — Amen.

34

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

AT the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to JESUS to the last :

Through her heart His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Lo, the piercing sword hath passed.

- 2 Oh how sad and sore distressèd,
Now was she, that Mother blessèd
 Of the sole-begotten One :
Woe-begone, with heart's prostration,
Mother meek, the bitter passion
 Saw she of her glorious Son.
- 3 Who could mark, from tears refraining,
CHRIST's dear Mother uncomplaining,
 In so great a sorrow bow'd ?
Who unmov'd behold her languish
Underneath His Cross of anguish,
 'Mid the fierce unpitying crowd ?
- 4 For His people's sins rejected,
She, her JESUS unprotected,
 Saw with thorns, with scourges rent,
Saw her Son from judgment taken,
Her belov'd in death forsaken,
 Till His spirit forth He sent.
- 5 Fount of Love and holy sorrow,
Mother ! may my spirit borrow
 Somewhat of thy woe profound ;
Unto CHRIST, with pure emotion,
Raise my contrite heart's devotion,—
 Love, to read in every wound.
- 6 Those five Wounds of JESUS smitten,
Mother, in my heart be written,
 Deep as in thine own they be :

Thou, my Saviour's Cross who bearest,
Thou, thy Son's rebuke who sharest,
Let me share them both with thee.

7 In the Passion of my Maker
Be my sinful soul partaker,
Weep till death, and weep with thee :
Mine with thee be that sad station,
There to watch the great salvation
Wrought upon th' atoning tree.

8 When in death my limbs are failing,
Let Thy Mother's prayer prevailing
Lift me, JESU ! to Thy throne :
To my parting soul be given
Entrance through the gate of heaven :
There confess me for Thine own. Amen.

35

SALVE CAPUT CRVENTATVM

O SACRED Head surrounded,
By crown of piercing thorn !
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn !
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet Angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

2 I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life ;

O agony and dying !
O love to sinners free !
JESU, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy Face on me.

- 3 In this Thy bitter Passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be :
Beneath Thy Cross abiding
For ever would I rest,
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy Presence blest. Amen

36

The Five Wounds.

WHAT are those wounds, so deep, so red,
For which, dear LORD, Thy Blood was shed
In priceless streams and sweet ?
And who could do so base a sin
As make the cruel gashes in
Thy hands and side and feet ?

- 2 They are the pledges of Thy love,
Which spent itself in death to prove
How dear we are to Thee ;
They are the tokens of our guilt—
Those wounds we made, Thy Blood we spilt,
And nailed Thee to the tree.
- 3 Hail, holy wounds ! hail, founts of light ;
Within whose splendours heavenly bright
The saints and angels bask :
Hail, founts of life ! whence graces flow,
Which Thou dost freely, LORD, bestow
On all who humbly ask.

- 4 Though sad bereavements tear my heart,
 Though sin and sorrow leave their smart,
 And keen remorse I feel,
 I'll touch, dear LORD, Thy bleeding palm ;
 Thy holy hands distil a balm
 My deepest wounds to heal.
- 5 When bitter memories of the past
 Their chilling shadows o'er me cast,
 And hope gives way to fears,
 Thy wounded feet I'll clasp and kiss,
 Like Magdalene, and taste the bliss
 Of penitential tears.
- 6 When lightnings flash and thunders roll,
 And terror strikes my immost soul
 At heaven's angry form,
 I'll fly, O JESUS, to Thy side,
 And seek within its wound so wide
 A shelter from the storm. Amen.

37

"The Love of CHRIST constraineth us."
 O DEVS EGO AMO TE.

MY God, I love Thee, not because
 I hope for heaven thereby ;
 Nor because they who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally.

- 2 Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me
 Upon the Cross embrace :
 For me didst bear the nails and spear
 And manifold disgrace ;
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless,
 And sweat of agony ;

E'en death itself ; and all for one
Who was Thine enemy.

- 4 Then why, O blessed JESUS CHRIST,
Should I not love Thee well ;
Not for the sake of winning heaven
Or of escaping hell ;
- 5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward ;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving LORD ?
- 6 E'en as I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing ;
Solely because Thou art my GOD,
And my Eternal King. Amen.

38

"What are these wounds in Thy hands?"

JESU, meek and lowly,
Saviour, pure and holy,
On Thy love relying
Hear me humbly crying.

- 2 Prince of life and power,
My salvation's tower,
On the Cross I view Thee
Calling sinners to Thee.
- 3 There behold me gazing
At the sight amazing ;
Bending low before Thee,
Helpless I adore Thee.

- 4 By Thy red Wounds streaming,
With Thy Life-blood gleaming,
Blood for sinners flowing,
Pardon free bestowing :
- 5 By that Fount of blessing,
Thy dear love expressing,
All my aching sadness
Turn Thou into gladness.
- 6 Lord, in mercy guide me,
Be Thou e'er beside me ;
In Thy ways direct me,
'Neath Thy wings protect me. Amen.

EASTER.

39

AD CENAM AGNI PROVIDI

THE LAMB's high banquet we await,
In snow-white robes of royal state :
And now, the Red Sea's channel past,
To CHRIST our Prince we sing at last.

- 2 Upon the Altar of the Cross
His Body hath redeem'd our loss :
And tasting of His roseate Blood,
Our life is hid with Him in God.
- 3 That Paschal Eve God's arm was bar'd :
The devastating Angel spar'd :
By strength of hand our hosts went free
From Pharaoh's ruthless tyranny.
- 4 Now CHRIST, our Paschal Lamb, is slain,
The LAMB of God, That knows no stain,
That true Oblation offer'd here,
Our own unleaven'd bread sincere.
- 5 O Thou, from Whom Hell's Monarch flies,
O great, O very Sacrifice,
Thy captive people are set free,
And endless life restor'd in Thee.

- 6 For CHRIST, arising from the dead,
From conquer'd hell victorious sped :
And thrust the tyrant down to chains,
And Paradise for man regains.
- 7 To Thee Who, dead, again dost live,
All glory, Lord, Thy people give ;
All glory, as is ever meet,
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

40

CHORVS NOVAE HIERUSALEM.

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

- 2 For Jndah's Lion burst His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head ;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.
- 3 Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command, restore ;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way,
Where JESUS goes before.
- 4 Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given ;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.
- 5 While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring,
And keep us evermore.

6 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run.
Alleluia ! Amen.

41

SURREXIT CHRISTVS HODIE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day,
Who so lately on the cross,
Suffer'd to redeem our loss : | Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia ! |
| 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing,
Unto CHRIST our heavenly KING,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save : | Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia ! |
| 3 But the pains, which He endured,
Our salvation have procured :
Now above the sky He's KING,
Where the angels ever sing, | Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Amen. |

42

ΑΝΑΣΤΑΣΕΩΣ ΗΜΕΡΑ.

'TIS the day of resurrection.
Earth, tell it out abroad :
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God !
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our CHRIST hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

- 2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The LORD in rays eternal
Of resurrection-light :
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail !" and, hearing,
May raise the viator-strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin :
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein :
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For CHRIST the LORD hath risen,
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

43

FINITA (AM) SVNT PRATICA

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

The strife is o'er, the battle done;

Now is the Victor's triumph won;

O let the song of praise be sung;

Alleluia !

- 2 Death's mightiest powers have done their worst
And JESUS hath His foes dispersed ;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia !

3 On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign :
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia !

4 LORD, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

44

CEDANT IVSTI SIGNA LVCTVS.

FAR be sorrow, tears, and sighing :
Waves are calming, storms are dying ;
Moses hath o'erpassed the sea ;
Israel's captive hosts are free.
Life by death slew death and saved us ;
In His Blood the Lamb hath laved us,
Clothing us with victory.
Alleluia.

2 Hark, the deep abysses thunder ;
Hark, the chains are snapped in sunder ;
And the unfettered fathers rise,
Soaring toward the open skies.
GOD and MAN our ransom paying,
And in light Himself arraying,
Now has won the victory
Alleluia.

3 JESUS CHRIST from death is risen :
'Tis His GODHEAD bursts the prison,
While His MANHOOD rises free
O'er our mortal misery ;
And to sinners brings salvation :
Thus in God's humiliation
Man has won the victory.
Alleluia.

4 This the law our SAVIOUR teaches ;
This the call His triumph preaches ;
Sinner, from the grave of sin,
Rise, eternal joys to win ;
From the death our sin decreed us,
Sinless, He by death has freed us ;
Sing we then His victory.

Alleluia. Amen.

45

ΑΣΩΜΕΝ ΜΑΝΤΕΣ ΛΑΟΙ.

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness ;
GOD hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness ;
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters ;
Led them with unmoisten'd foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

2 'Tis the Spring of souls to-day ;
CHRIST hath burst His prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen ;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Now the Queen of seasons, bright
With the Day of splendour,
With the royal feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render ;

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes in unwearied strains
.JESU's Resurrection.

4 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal :
But to-day amidst the twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

5 Alleluia now we cry
To our King Immortal,
Who triumphant burst the bars
Of the tomb's dark portal ;
Alleluia, with the Son
God the FATHER praising ;
Alleluia yet again
To the SPIRIT raising. Amen.

46

JESUS LEBT, MIT IHM AUCH ICH.

JESUS lives ! thy terrors now
Can, O Death, no more appal us ;
JESUS lives ! by this we know
Thou, O grave, canst not enthrall us.
Alleluia !

2 JESUS lives ! henceforth is death
But the gate of life immortal ;
This shall calm our trembling breath,
When we pass its gloomy portal.
Alleluia !

3 JESUS lives ! for us He died ;
Then, alone to JESUS living,
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to our Saviour giving.

Alleluia !

4 JESUS lives ! our hearts know well
Nought from us His love shall sever ;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
Tear us from His keeping ever.

Alleluia !

5 JESUS lives ! to Him the Throne
Over all the world is given ;
May we go where He is gone,
Rest and reign with Him in Heaven.

Alleluia ! Amen.

ASCENSION-TIDE.

47

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates."

HAIL the day that sees Him rise,
Ravish'd from our wishful eyes ;
CHRIST, awhile to mortals given,
Re-ascends his native heaven.

Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !

- 2 There the pompous triumph waits ;
Lift your heads eternal gates ;
Wide unfold the radiant scene,
Take the King of Glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to His throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.
- 4 See, He lifts His hands above ;
See, He shows the prints of love ;
Hark, His gracious lips bestow
Blessings on His church below.
- 5 Still for us His death He pleads ;
Prevalent, He intercedes ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
- Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
- Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
- Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !

- 6 Master (will we ever say),
Taken from our head to-day,
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee. Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
- 7 Ever upwards may we rove,
Wafted on the wings of love,
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing, gasping after home : Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
- 8 There we shall with Thee remain,
Partners of Thine endless reign :
There Thy face unclouded see ;
Find our heaven of heavens in Thee, Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Alleluia !
Amen.

48

The Coronation of JESUS.

CROWN Him with many crowns,
The LAMB upon His Throne ;
Hark ! how the heavenly anthem drowns,
All music but its own :
Awake, my soul, and sing
Of Him Who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity.

- 2 Crown Him the Virgin's Son,
The God Incarnate born,
Whose Arm those crimson trophies won
Which now His Brow adorn :
Fruit of the mystic Rose,
As of that Rose the Stem ;
The Root whence mercy ever flows
The Babe of Bethlehem.

3 Crown Him the Lord of love ;
Behold His Hands and Side,
Those Wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified :
No Angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his wondering eye
At mysteries so bright.

4 Crown Him the Lord of peace,
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise :
His reign shall know no end,
And round His piercèd Feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

5 Crown Him the LORD of years,
The Potentate of time,
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime :
Glassed in a sea of light
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect His Form,—the Infinite !
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

6 Crown Him the LORD of Heaven !
One with the FATHER known,—
And the blest SPIRIT, through him given
From yonder triune throne !
All hail, Redeemer, hail !
For Thou hast died for me :
Thy praise and glory shall not fail
Throughout eternity. Amen.

49

"Thou art the King of Glory, O CHRIST."

COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem,
Cleave the skies with the shouts of praise ;
Sing to Him Who found the ransom,
Ancient of eternal days,
God of God, the WORD Incarnate,
Whom the Heav'n of Heav'n obeys,

- 2 Ere He raised the lofty mountains,
Form'd the seas, or built the sky,
Love eternal, free, and boundless,
Moved the LORD of Life to die,
Fore-ordain'd the Prince of Princes
For the Throne of Calvary.
- 3 There, for us and our redemption,
See Him all His Life-blood pour !
There He wins our full salvation,
Dies that we may die no more ;
Then, arising, lives for ever,
Reigning where He was before.
- 4 High on high celestial mountains
Stands His gem-built Throne, all bright,
Midst unending Alleluias
Bursting from the sons of light ;
Sion's people tell His praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.
- 5 Bring your harps, and bring your incense,
Sweep the string and pour the lay ;
Let the earth proclaim His wonders,
King of that celestial day ;
He the LAMB once slain is worthy,
Who was dead, and lives for aye.

6 Laud and honour to the FATHER,
Laud and honour to the SON,
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,
Ever THREE and ever ONE,
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,
While unending ages run. Amen.

WHITSUNTIDE.

50

VENI CREATOR SPIRITVS.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial Fire ;
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold Gifts impart :
Thy blessed Unction from above
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love ;
Enable with perpetual Light
The dulness of our blinded sight ;
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy Grace ;
Keep far our foes, give peace at home ;
Where Thou art Guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee, of Both, to be but ONE ;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song :

Praise to Thy eternal merit,
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT. Amen.

51

VENI SANCTE SPIRITVS.

COME, Thou HOLY SPIRIT, come ;
And from Thy celestial home
 Send a ray of Light Divine ;
Come, Thon FATHER of the poor,
Come, Thon source of all our store,
 Come, within our bosom's shine :

- 2 Thou of all consolers best,
Thon the soul's most welcome Guest,
 Sweet refreshment here below ;
In our labour rest most sweet,
Grateful coolness in the heat,
 Solace in the midst of woe.
- 3 LIGHT immortal, LIGHT Divine,
Visit Thou these hearts of Thine,
 And our inmost being fill ;
Where Thon art not, man hath nought,
Nothing good in deed or thought,
 Nothing free from taint of ill.
- 4 Heal our wounds ; our strength renew ;
On our dryness pour Thy dew ;
 Wash the stains of guilt away :
Bend the stubborn heart and will ;
Melt the frozen, warm the chill ;
 Guide the steps that go astray.
- 5 On the faithful, who adore
And confess Thee, evermore
 In Thy sevenfold Gifts descend :
Give them comfort when they die,
Give them life with Thee on high,
 Give them joys that never end. Amen.

52

"It filled all the house."

CHRIST our Sun on us arose,
From His glory fled our foes,
CHRIST our Sun from us is gone,
And our hearts were faint and wan.
Thirsty yearned we for His grace,
Weary watched we for His Face,
While the bare and lonely shrine,
Waited for the Guest Divine.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

2 Joy hath come to earth again,
Downward poured the SPIRIT's rain,
And the rushing wind of might,
Swept away the clouds of night.
She whom weary years before,
In His love He hovered o'er,
Mother, Daughter, Spouse of GOD,
Chants anew her song of laud.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

3 And the Apostolic choir,
Glowing with the tongues of fire,
Clearer now and joyous raise,
CHRIST their Monarch's endless praise.
He hath let His Breath go forth,
And renewed the face of earth,
Bid the brook a river be,
And the river made a sea.
Alleluia ! Alleluia !

4 From the snows where Scythians toil,
To Cyrene's thirsty soil,
From the Indian's distant home,

To the gates of mighty Rome, Alleluia !
Alleluia ! raise the song, Alleluia !
Raise it high, and raise it long, Alleluia !
To the FATHER, and the WORD, Alleluia !
And the SPIRIT, GOD adored, Alleluia !
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen.

53

The HOLY GHOST, the Comforter.

HOLY GHOST ! come down upon Thy children,
Give us grace and make us Thine ;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed SPIRIT ! Dove Divine !

2 For all within us, good and holy,
Is from Thee, Thy precious gift ;
In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to Thee we lift.
HOLY GHOST ! &c.

3 For Thou to us art more than father,
More than sister in Thy love,
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove !
HOLY GHOST ! &c.

4 Oh, we have grieved Thee, gracious SPIRIT
Wayward, wanton, cold are we ;
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied Thee.
HOLY GHOST ! &c.

5 Dear PARACLETE ! how hast Thou waited
While our hearts were slowly turned ?
How often hath Thy love been slighted,
While for us it grieved and burned !
HOLY GHOST ! &c.

6 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take Thee for our LORD ;
O dearest SPIRIT ! make us faithful
To Thy least and lightest word.

HOLY GHOST, &c.

7 Ah, sweet Consoler ! though we cannot
Love Thee as Thou lovest us,
Yet, if Thou deign'st our hearts to kindle,
They will not be always thus.

HOLY GHOST ! &c.

8 With hearts so vile, how dare we venture,
HOLY GHOST, to love Thee so !
And how canst Thou with such compassion,
Bear so long with things so low ?

HOLY GHOST ! &c. Amen.

54

“ Awake, O north wind ;
and come thou south.”

O HOLY Ghost, Thy people bless
Who long to feel Thy might,
And fain would grow in holiness
As children of the light.

2 To Thee we bring, Who art the LORD,
Ourselves to be Thy throne ;
Let every thought, and deed, and word
Thy pure dominion own.

3 Life-giving SPIRIT, o'er us move,
As on the formless deep ;
Give life and order, light and love,
Where now is death or sleep,

- 4 Great Gift of our ascended King,
His saving truth reveal ;
Our tongues inspire His praise to sing
Our hearts His love to feel.
- 5 True Wind of Heav'n, from south or north,
For joy or chastening, blow ;
The garden-spices shall spring forth
If Thou wilt bid them flow.
- 6 O HOLY GHOST, of sevenfold might,
All graces come from Thee ;
Grant us to know and serve aright
ONE GOD in Persons THREE. Amen.

55

The Day of Pentecost.

- WHEN God of old came down from Heav'n,
In power and wrath He came ;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame :
- 2 But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love ;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hover'd His holy Dove.
- 3 The fires, that rush'd on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.
- 4 And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump, that Angels quake to hear,
Thrill'd from the deep, dark cloud ;

- 5 So, when the SPIRIT of our GOD
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from Heav'n was heard abroad,
A rushing, mighty wind.
- 6 It fills the Church of GOD : it fills
The sinful world around ;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.
- 7 To other strains our souls are set :
A giddy whirl of sin
Fills ear and brain, and will not let
Heaven's harmonies come in.
- 8 Come LORD, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear ;
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;
Save, LORD, by love or fear. Amen.

56

The still small Voice

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeath'd
With us to dwell.

- 2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.
- 3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherin to rest.

- 4 And His that gentle voice we hear,
 Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
 And speaks of heaven.
- 5 And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
 Are His alone.
- 6 SPIRIT of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see ;
Oh make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee. Amen.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

57

PANGE LINGVA GLORIOSI CORPORI.

OF the glorious Body telling,
O my tongue, Its mysteries sing,
And the Blood all price exceelling,
Whieh for this world's ransoming,
In a noble womb once dwelling,
He shed forth, the nations' King.

- 2 Born for us, and for us given,
Of a Virgin undefiled,
Scattering precious seed from Heaven,
Sojourned He in this world's wild ;
Till, in wondrous way, that even,
He His earthly conrse fulfilled.
- 3 That last night at Supper lying,
With the blest fraternal Band ;
Eating legal meat—complying
With the Law's most strict command ;
He, Himself, as Food undying,
Gives the Twelve with His own hand.
- 4 Word made Flesh, by Word He maketh
Very Bread His Flesh to be :

Man in wine CHRIST's Blood partaketh,
And, if senses fail to see,
Truth alone the true heart waketh,
To behold the mystery.

TANTVM ERGO SACRAMENTVM.

- 5 Bow we then in veneration
 Of the Sacrament of might,
 Ancient forms resign their station
 To our newer Gospel Rite,
 Faith supplies with adoration
 All defects of touch or sight.
- 6 Honour, land, and praise addressing
 To the FATHER and the SON,
 Might ascribe we, virtue, blessing,
 And eternal benison,
 HOLY GHOST, from Both progressing,
 Equal laud to Thee be done. Amen.

58

VERBVM SVPERNVM PRODIENS.

THE WORD descending from above,
Though with the FATHER still on high,
Went forth upon His work of love,
And soon to life's last eve drew nigh.

- 2 He shortly to a death accurst
 By a disciple shall be given ;
 But, to His twelve disciples first,
 He gives Himself, the Bread from heaven.
- 3 Himself in either kind He gave ;
 He gave His Flesh, He gave His Blood ;
 Of flesh and blood all men are made,
 And He of man would be the Food.

4 At birth, our Brother He became ;
At board, Himself as Food He gives ;
To ransom us He died in shame ;
As our reward, in bliss He lives.

O SALVATORIS HOSTIA.

- 5 O saving Victim ! opening wide
The gate of Heaven to man below,
Our foes press on from every side—
Thine aid supply, Thy strength bestow.
6 To Thy great Name be endless praise,
Immortal GODHEAD, One in Three !
O grant us endless length of days
In our true native land with Thee !
Amen.

59

LAVDA SION SALVATOREM.

PRAISE, O Sion, praise thy Pastor,
Praise Thy SAVIOUR and Thy Master,
High the choral anthems raise ;
All thy utmost might it needeth,
For He all thy praise exceedeth,
Thou canst ne'er express His praise.

- 2 Great the theme of our thanksgiving,
Bread of Life, Bread ever-living,
Is to-day before Thee set.
E'en the Same, we touch and take It,
As when o'er the board He brake It,
Where the Brethren Twelve were met.
3 Loud and solemn be our chanting,
Nor let joy, nor grace be wanting
In the gladness of the breast ;

Let a solemn chant be raised,
While the Mystery is praised
Of the Holy EUCHARIST.

- 4 Here our new King's Table gracing,
The new Passover's new blessing
 Hath the ancient forms effaced ;
Youth deerepid age exelleth,
Truth uncertain shades dispelleth,
 Darkness is by Light replaced.
- 5 His Own Act at Supper seated,
CHRIST ordained to be repeated
 In His memory divine ;
Wherefore now with adoration,
We the Victim of Salvation
 Consecrate from bread and wine.
- 6 This the truth each Christian learneth,
Bread into His Flesh He turneth,
 Wine to His most Holy Blood :
Doth it pass thy eomprehending ?
Faith, the law of sight transeending,
 Leaps to Things not understood.
- 7 Here beneath these signs are hidden
Prieless Things to sense forbidden,
 Signs, not Things, are all we see ;
Blood is poured, and Flesh is broken,
Yet in either wondrous Token,
 CHRIST Entire we know to be.
- 8 Severed not by him that taketh,
None divideth Him or breaketh,
 Whole His blessed Self they taste ;

One or thousand Him are taking,
Yet the same are all partaking,
Him, indeed, they cannot waste.

9 Good and bad the Feast are sharing,
Yet a doom unlike preparing—
Life or everlasting woe ;
Sinners death, the righteous making
Life their own ; from that same taking,
Ah ! what different ends shall flow.

10 When they break the Holy Token,
Waver not the word is spoken ;
What is veiled, all unbroken,
Doth in every part abide :
Of the substance is no rending,
In the sign our act hath ending
When we break ; nor change nor spending
E'er befalls the Signified.

ECCE PANIS ANGELORVM.

11 Lo, the bread which Angels feedeth,
Made the Food the pilgrim needeth,
Children's Bread whieh He eoncedeth,
And to dogs must ne'er be given ;
Whieh each ancient type conveyeth,
Isaae's saerifice displayeth,
And the Pasehal Lamb pourtrayeth,
Manna rained of old from Heaven.

12 Shepherd Good, True Bread and Living,
JESU, be to us forgiving ;
Thou protecting, Thou relieving,
In the land of all the living,
Cause Thou us all good to see ;

Thou all-ruling, all espying,
Feed'st us here, till hour of dying ;
There upon Thy Bosom lying,
We with all the Saints are sighing,
Fellow-heirs and friends to be. Amen

60

SACRIS SOLEMNITIS.

BY every heart and tongue,
The FATHER be adored,
While we present the sacrifice
Ordained by CHRIST the LORD.

- 2 On Maundy Thursday night,
CHRIST with His brethren eat,
Obedient to the olden Law,
The Lamb before Him set.
- 3 This done, He blessed the bread,
He blessed the cup of wine,
And gave therein, to all around,
Himself, their LORD Divine.
- 4 He gave His Flesh, He gave
His Precious Blood, and said,
“ Receive and drink ye all of This,
For your salvation shed.”
- 5 Thus did the LORD appoint
This Sacrifice sublime,
And made His Priests Its ministers
To all the bounds of time.
- 6 Praise to the FATHER be,
Praise CHRIST, the great High Priest,
And praise the HOLY GHOST, Who comes
To bless our holy Feast. Amen.

61

ADORO TE DEVOTE.

PROSTRATE I adore Thee, DEITY unseen,
Who Thy glory hidest 'neath these shadows
mean ;
Lo, to Thee surrendered, my whole heart is
bowed,
Tranced as it beholds Thee, shrined within the
cloud.

- 2 Taste, and touch, and vision in Thee are
deceived,
But the hearing only well may be believed,
I believe whate'er the Son of God hath told,
What the Truth hath spoken, that for truth I
hold.
- 3 On the Cross lay hidden but Thy DEITY,
Here is also hidden Thy humanity ;
But in Both believing and confessing, LORD,
Ask I what the dying thief of Thee implored.
- 4 The dread Wounds, like Thomas, though I cannot
see,
His be my confession, LORD and GOD of Thee.
LORD, my faith unfeigned evermore increase,
Give me hope unfading, love that cannot cease.
- 5 O Memorial wondrous of the LORD's Own Death,
Living Bread, That givest all His creatures
breath ;
Grant my spirit ever by Thy Life may live,
To my taste Thy Sweetness never failing give.

6 Pelican of Mercy, JESU, LORD, and GOD,
Cleanse me, wretched sinner, in Thy precious
blood ;
Blood, Whereof one Drop, for humankind out-
poured,
Might from all transgressions have the world
restored.

7 JESU, Whom now veiled I by faith descry,
What my soul doth thirst for, do not, LORD,
deny ;
That Thy Face unveiled I at last may see,
With the blissful Vision blest, my GOD, of Thee.
Amen.

62

O ESCA VIATORVM.

O FOOD that weary pilgrims love,
O Bread of Angel-hosts above,
O Manna of the Saints,
The hungry soul would feed on Thee ;
Ne'er may the heart unsolaced be
Which for Thy sweetness faints.

2 O Fount of love, O cleansing Tide
Which from the Saviour's piercèd Side
And Sacred Heart dóst flow,
Be ours to drink of Thy pure rill
Which only can our spirits fill,
And all our need bestow.

3 LORD JESU, Whom, by power Divine
Now hidden, 'neath the outward,
We worship and adore.

Grant, when the veil away is roll'd,
With open face we may behold
Thyself for evermore. Amen.

63

AVE VERVM CORPV.

HAIL, True Body, born of Mary,
Spotless Virgin's virgin birth,
Thou Who truly hangedst weary
On the Cross for sons of earth ;
Thou Whose Sacred Side was riven,
Whence the water flowed, and blood ;
O may'st Thou, dear LORD, be given
At death's hour to be our Food.
O JESU sweetest ! O JESU holiest !
O JESU, Son of Mary.

64

The Offertory.

WE offer gifts of bread and wine
To Thee, O God, most High ;
Send down on them Thy HOLY GHOST,
Descending from the sky,

- 2 To make this offered bread to be
The Body of the LORD ;
The wine within the sacred cup
To be the Blood adored.
- 3 With humble mind and contrite heart
We come before Thy Face ;
Let Mary and the Saints on high
Implore for us Thy grace.

4 So shall Thy Holy Church on earth
With every grace be blest,
And so shall all the faithful dead
Obtain eternal rest. Amen.

65

"The Pure Offering."

AND now, O FATHER, mindful of the love
That bonght us, once for all, on Calvary's Tree,
And having with us Him that pleads above,
We here present, we herc spread forth to Thee
That only Offering perfect in Thine eyes,
The one true, pure, immortal Sacrifice.

- 2 Look, FATHER, look on His anointed Face,
And only look on us as found in Him ;
Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,
Our prayers so languid, and our faith so dim ;
For lo ! between our sins and their reward
We set the Passion of Thy SON our LORD.
- 3 And then for those, our dearest and our best,
By this prevailing Presence we appeal ;
O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,
O do Thine utmost for their souls' true weal ;
From tainting mischief keep them white and clear,
And crown Thy gifts with strength to persevere.
- 4 And so we come : O draw us to Thy feet,
Most patient Saviour, Who canst love us still ;
And by this Food, so awful and so sweet,
Deliver us from every touch of ill :

In Thine own service make us glad and free,
And grant us never more to part with Thee.

Amen.

66

"We have an Altar."

ONCE, only once and once for all,
His precious life He gave ;
Before the Cross our spirits fall,
And own it strong to save.

- 2 "One offering, single and complete,"
With lips and heart we say ;
But what He never can repeat
He shows forth day by day.
- 3 For, as the priest of Aaron's line
Within the Holiest stood,
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine
With sacrificial blood ;
- 4 So He, Who once atonement wrought,
Our Priest of endless power,
Presents Himself for those He bought
In that dark noon tide hour.
- 5 His Manhood pleads where now It lives
On Heav'n's eternal Throne,
And where in mystic rite He gives
Its Presence to His own.
- 6 And so we show Thy death, O LORD,
Till Thou again appear ;

And feel, when we approach Thy Board,
We have an Altar here.

- 7 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

67

Divine Worshp.

WE pray Thee, Heavenly FATHER,
To hear us in Thy love,
And pour upon Thy children
The umction from above ;
That so in love abiding,
From all defilement free,
We may in pureness offer
Our Eucharist to Thee.

- 3 Be Thou our Guide and Helper,
O JESU CHRIST, we pray ;
So may we well approach Thee,
If Thou wilt be the Way :
Thou, very Truth, hast promised
To help us in our strife,
Food of the weary pilgrim,
Eternal Source of Life.

- 4 And Thou, Creator SPIRIT,
Look on us, we are Thine ;
Renew in us Thy graces,
Upon our darkness shine ;

That, with Thy benediction
Upon our souls outpour'd,
We may receive in gladness
The Body of the LORD.

4 O TRINITY of Persons !
O UNITY most High !
On Thee alone relying
Thy servants would draw nigh :
Unworthy in our weakness,
On Thee our hope is stay'd,
And bless'd by Thy forgiveness
We will not be afraid. Amen.

68

"The Holy Sacrifice."

HIDDEN SAVIOUR, Great High Priest,
Master of the Royal Feast,
King, enthroned above the skies,
One and perfect Sacrifice,
CHRIST the same, and changing never,
Yesterday, to-day, for ever.

2 *Yesterday* upon the Cross
Thou didst hang to heal our loss,
Past are now Thy mortal pains,
Yet Thy sacrifice remains,
CHRIST the same, &c.

3 *This day* on Thine Altar-throne
Thou art present with Thine own,
Veiling here Thy light divine

Under forms of Bread and Wine ;
CHRIST the same, &c.

4 *Evermore* a Priest above,
Thou art pleading, in Thy love,
That same offering of might
Which we show in bloodless rite,
CHRIST the same, &c.

5 Man of Mary, God of God,
Sacred Flesh and Precious Blood,
Thee we offer, Thee adore,
Till Thou comest here once more,
CHRIST the same, &c. Amen.

69

And the Glory of the LORD filled the Tabernacle.
(*Vi adoro ogni momento*).

HAIL, Thou living Bread from Heaven !
Sacrament of awful might !
I adore Thee,—I adore Thee,
Every moment, day and night.

2 Heart from Mary's Heart created !
Heart of JESUS, all divine !
Here before Thee, I adore Thee :
All my heart and soul are Thine. Amen.

70

Out of the mouth of babes.

I WORSHIP Thee, LORD JESU,
As children did of old,
Who sang, within Thy Temple,
Hosannas manifold.

2 I worship Thee, LORD JESU,
Who, on Thine altar laid,
In this most awful service,
Our Food and Drink art made.

3 I worship Thee, LORD JESU,
Who, in Thy Love Divine,
Art hiding here Thy Godhead
In forms of Bread and Wine.

4 I worship Thee, LORD JESU,
And kneeling unto Thee,
As Thou didst come to Mary,
I pray Thee, come to me. Amen.

71

"Thou art a Priest for ever."

ALLELULA ! sing to JESUS !
His the Sceptre, His the Throne ;
Alleluia ! His the triumph,
His the victory alone ;
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood ;
JESUS out of every nation
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood,

2 Alleluia ! not as orphans
Are we left in sorrow now ;
Alleluia ! He is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how :
Though the cloud from sight received Him
When the forty days were o'er,
Shall our hearts forget His promise,
"I am with you evermore ?"

- 3 Alleluia ! Bread of Angels,
Thou on earth our Food, our Stay ;
Alleluia ! here the sinful
Flee to Thee from day to day ;
Intercessor, Friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.
- 4 Alleluia ! King Eternal,
Thee the LORD of lords we own ;
Alleluia ! born of Mary,
Earth Thy footstool, Heav'n Thy throne :
Thou within the veil hast enter'd,
Robed in flesh, our great High Priest ;
Thou on earth both Priest and Victim
In the Eucharistic Feast.
- 5 Alleluia ! sing to JESUS !
His the Sceptre, His the Throne ;
Alleluia ! His the triumph,
His the victory alone ;
Hark ! the songs of peaceful Sion
Thunder like a mighty flood ;
JESUS out of every nation
Hath redeem'd us by His Blood. Amen.

72

"Our bounden duty and service."

O JESUS CHRIST, remember
When Thou shalt come again
Upon the clouds of Heaven,
With all Thy shining train ;

- 2 When every eye shall see Thee
 In DEITY reveal'd,
 Who now upon this altar,
 In silence art conceal'd :
- 3 Remember then, O SAVIOUR,
 I supplicate of Thee,
 That here I bow'd before Thee
 Upon my bended knee.
- 4 That here I owned Thy Presence,
 And did not Thee deny,
 And glorified Thy greatness
 Though hid from human eye.
- 5 Accept, Divine Redeemer,
 The homage of my praise,
 Be Thon the Light and Honour
 And Glory of my days.
- 6 Be Thou my Consolation
 When death is drawing nigh,
 Be Thon my only Treasure
 Through all eternity. Amen.

73

Feast and Sacrifice

BLEST be the LORD, for ever blest,
 Who bought us with a price,
 And bids His ransomed servants feast
 On His great Sacrifice.

- 2 Thy Blood was shed upon the Cross
 To wash us white as snow ;
 Broken for us, Thy Body was
 To feed us here below.

- 3 Now, on the Sacred Table laid
Thy Flesh becomes our food ;
Thy life is to our souls conveyed
In Saeramental Blood.
- 5 We eat the Offering of our peace,
The hidden Manna prove,
And only live to praise and bless
Thine all-sufficient love. Amen.

74

SANCTI VENITE.

DRAW nigh and take the Body of the LORD,
And drink the holy Blood for you outpour'd.

- 2 Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,
With souls refresh'd, we render thanks to GOD.
- 3 Salvation's Giver, CHRIST, the Only Son,
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.
- 4 Offer'd was He for greatest and for least,
Himself the Victim, and Himself the Priest.
- 5 Victims were offer'd by the law of old,
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.
- 6 He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.
- 7 Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,
And take the safeguard of salvation here.
- 8 He, that his saints in this world rules and
shields,
To all believers life eternal yields ;

- 9 With heavenly bread makes them that hunger
whole,
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.
- 10 Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow
All nations at the Doom, is with us now.
Amen.

75

"Lord, I am not worthy."

I AM not worthy, Holy LORD,
That Thou shouldest come to me :
Speak but the Word, one gracious Word
Can set the sinner free.

- 2 I am not worthy ; cold and bare
The lodging of my soul :
How canst Thou deign to enter there ?
LORD, speak, and make me whole.
- 3 I am not worthy ; yet, my GOD,
How can I say Thee nay :
Thee, Who didst give Thy Flesh and Blood
My ransom-price to pay !
- 4 O come ! in this sweet morning hour
Feed me with Food Divine :
And fill with all Thy love and power
This worthless heart of mine. Amen.

76

A good Communion.

JESU, gentlest SAVIOUR !
God of might and power !
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In us at this hour.

- 2 Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.
- 3 Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,
Thou art ever stretching
Ininitely far.
- 4 Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds cannot,
And the GOD of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.
- 5 As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers,
In our hearts dear JESUS
Seeks them at all hours.
- 6 JESUS, gentlest SAVIOUR !
Thou art in us now ;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.
- 7 Pray the prayer within us
That to heaven shall rise ;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.
- 8 Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear LORD ! the chiefest —
Grace to persevere.
- 9 O, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,

Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.

- 10 Ah ! when wilt Thou always
 Make our hearts Thy home ?
We must wait for Heaven,—
 Then the day will come. Amen.

77

Benediction.

O JESUS, it was surely sweet
To sit and listen at Thy Feet,
With those who in Thy life drew near
Thy words of love and grace to hear.

- 2 But sweeter far it is to pray—
 Before Thine Altar-Throne to-day,
For there th' atoning Sacrifice,
 JESUS, the world's Redeemer, lies.
- 3 And sweet it was to walk with Thee
Beside the lake of Galilee ;
Or, safe embarked in Peter's boat,
 O'er its blue waves with Thee to float.
- 4 But sweeter far it is to pray—
 Before Thine Altar-Throne to-day,
For the atoning Sacrifice
 JESUS, the world's Redeemer, lies.
- 5 Hail, JESUS, hail, my dearest LORD,
By seraph choirs in heaven adored ;
Hail, JESUS, Who art hidden thus
 On this poor earth, for love of us. Amen.

78

"And there I will meet with Thee.

PART I.

JESUS! my LORD, my God, my all!
How can I love Thee as I ought?
And how revere this wondrous gift,
So far surpassing hope or thought?
Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!
O make us love Thee more and more!

- 2 Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest King,
O, with what bursts of fervent praise
Thy goodness, JESUS, would I sing!
Sweet Sacrament, &c.
- 3 Ah! see, within a creature's hand
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like, as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's knee,
Sweet Sacrament, &c.
- 4 Thy BODY, SOUL, and GODHEAD, all,—
O mystery of love divine!—
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art are mine.
Sweet Sacrament, &c.
- 5 Sound, sound His praises higher still,
And come, ye Angels to our aid;
'Tis GOD! 'tis GOD! the very GOD,
Whose power both men and angels made!
Sweet Sacrament, &c.

PART II.

- 6 Ring, joyously, ye solemn bells !
And wave, O wave, ye eeners bright !
'Tis JESUS cometh, Mary's Son,
And God of God and Light of Light !
Sweet Sacrament, &c.
- 7 O earth ! grow flowers beneath His feet :
And thou, O sun, shine bright this day ;
He comes ! He comes ! O heaven on earth !
Our JESUS comes upon His way !
Sweet Saerament, &c.
- 8 He comes ! He comes ! the LORD of Hosts,
Borne on His throne triumphantly ;
We see Thee, and we know Thee, LORD ;
And yearn to shed our blood for Thee.
Sweet Sacrament, &c.
- 9 Our hearts leap up ; our trembling song
Grows fainter still ; we can no more ;
Silence ! and let us weep, and die
Of very love, while we adore.
Great Sacrament of love divine,
All, all we have or are be Thine ! Amen.

79

"It is the LORD."

SWEET Sacrament divine !
Hid in Thine earthly home,
Lo ! round Thy lowly shrine
With suppliant hearts we come.
JESUS, to Thee our voice we raise,
In songs of love and heartfelt praise,
Sweet Sacrament divine.

- 2 Sweet Sacrament of Peace !
 Dear Home of ev'ry heart,
 Where restless yearnings cease,
 And sorrows all depart ;
There in Thine ear, all trustfully,
We tell our tale of misery,
 Sweet Sacrament of Peace.
- 3 Sweet Sacrament of Rest !
 Ark from the ocean's roar,
 Within Thy shelter blest
 Soon may we reach the shore :
Save us, for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the waves,
 Sweet Sacrament of Rest !
- 4 Sweet Sacrament divine !
 Earth's Light and Jubilee,
 In Thy far depths doth shine
 Thy GODHEAD'S Majesty.
Sweet Light, so shine on us, we pray,
That earthly joys may fade away,
 Sweet Sacrament divine ! Amen.

80

" We would see JESUS."

JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
 Thy Cross I cannot see,
But the Crucified is offered there,
 And He was slain for me.

2 JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
 Thy Flesh I cannot see,
But that Flesh is given to be our Food,
 And It was scourged for me.

- 3 JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy blood I cannot see,
But the Chalice glows with those red drops,
On Calvary shed for me.
- 4 JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Face I cannot see,
But Angels there behold the Brow
Thorn-crowned for love of me.
- 5 JESUS, in Thy dear Sacrament
Thy Heart I cannot see,
But that fiery Heart is prisoned there,
And it was pierced for me.
- 6 JESUS, my Maker and my God,
Thy Godhead none may see,
But Thou art present, God and Man,
In Thy Sacrament with me. Amen.

OUR LADY.

81

"Behold Thy Mother.

SHALL we not love thee, Mother dear,
Whom JESUS loves so well?
And, to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell ?

- 2 Bound with the curse of sin and shame
We helpless sinners lay,
Until in tender love He came
To bear the curse away.
- 3 And thee He chose from whom to take
True flesh His Flesh to be ;
In It to suffer for our sake,
By It to make us free.
- 4 Thy Babe He lay upon thy breast,
To thee He cried for food ;
Thy gentle nursing sooth'd to rest
Th' Incarnate Son of God.
- 5 O wondrous depths of grace Divine
That He should bend so low !
And Mary, oh, what joy 'twas thine
In His dear love to know ;

- 6 Joy to be Mother of the LORD,
And thine the truer bliss,
In every thought, and deed, and word
To be for ever His.
- 7 And as He loves thee, Mother dear,
We too will love thee well ;
And to His glory, year by year,
Thy joy and honour tell.
- 8 JESU, the Virgin's Holy Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with GOD the FATHER ONE
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

82

"Hail, Mary, full of grace."

AVE Maria ! blessed Maid !
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,
Who can express the love
That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
Making thy heart a shelter meet
For JESUS' Holy Dove ?

- 2 Ave Maria ! Mother blest,
To whom caressing and caressed,
Clings the eternal Child :
Favoured beyond Archangels' dream,
When first on Thee with tenderest gleam
The new-born SAVIOUR smiled.
- 3 Thou weptst, meek Maiden, Mother mild,
Thou weptst upon Thy sinless Child,
Thy very heart was riven :

And yet, what mourning matron here
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear
By all on this side Heaven ?

- 4 A Son that never did amiss,
That never shamed His Mother's kiss,
Nor crossed her fondest prayer :
Even from the Tree He deigned to bow
For her His agonized Brow,
Her, His sole earthly care.
- 5 Ave Maria ! thou whose name
All but adoring love may claim,
Yet may we reach thy Shrine ;
For HE, thy SON and SAVIOUR, vows
To crown all lowly lofty brows
With love and joy like thine. Amen.

83

" And the King said, Ask on, my Mother, for I
will not say thee nay."

MOTHER of mercy, day by day
My love of thee grows more and more,
Thy gifts are strewn upon my way,
Like sands upon the great sea-shore.

- 2 Though poverty and work and woe,
The masters of my life may be,
When times are worst, who does not know
Darkness is light with love of thee ?
- 3 But scornful men have coldly said
Thy love was leading me from GOD ;
And yet in this I did bat tread
The very path my Saviour trod.

- 4 They know but little of thy worth
 Who speak these heartless words to me ;
 For what did JESUS love on earth
 One half so tenderly as thee ?
- 5 Get me the grace to love thee more,
 JESUS will give if thou wilt plead ;
 And, Mother, when life's eares are o'er,
 Oh, I shall love thee then indeed.
- 6 JESUS, when His three hours were run,
 Bequeathed thee from the cross to me ;
 And oh ! how can I love thy Son,
 Sweet Mother, if I love not thee ? Amen.

84

St. Mary, Star of the Sea.

HAIL, Queen of Heaven, thou ocean star,
 Guide of the wanderer here below,
 Thrown on life's surge, we claim thy care,
 Save us from peril and from woe.
 Mother of CHRIST, star of the sea,
 Pray for the wanderer, pray for me.

- 2 O loving, chaste, and spotless Maid,
 We sinners make our prayers through thee ;
 Remind thy Son that He has paid
 The pree of our iniquity.
 Virgin most pure, star of the sea,
 Pray for the sinner, pray for me.
- 3 Sojourners in this vale of tears,
 To thee, blest advocate, we ery ;
 Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
 And soothe with hope our misery.

Refuge in grief, star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for me.

- 4 And while to Him who reigns above,
 In GODHEAD ONE, in PERSONS THREE,
The source of life, of grace, of love,
 Homage we pay on bended knee,
 Do thou, bright Queen, star of the sea,
 Pray for thy children, pray for me. Amen.

85

"On thy right hand standeth the Queen."

SING, sing, ye angel bands,
 All beautiful and bright ;
For higher still and higher,
 Through fields of starry light,
Mary, your Queen, ascends,
 Like the sweet moon at night.

- 2 A fairer flower than she
 On earth hath never been ;
And, save the throne of God,
 Your heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
 As your ascending Queen.

- 3 And shall I lose thee then,
 Lose my sweet right to thee ?
Ah, no ! the angels' Queen
 Man's Mother still will be ;
And thou, upon thy throne,
 Wilt keep thy love for me.

- 4 On, then, dear pageant, on !
 Sweet music breathes around ;
 And love, like dew, distils
 On hearts in rapture bound ;
 The Queen of Heaven goes up
 To be proclaimed and crowned !
- 5 On through the countless stars
 Proceeds the bright array ;
 And love divine comes forth
 To light her on her way,
 Through the short gloom of night
 Into celestial day.
- 6 The Eternal FATHER calls
 His daughter to be blessed :
 The SON His Maiden-Mother
 Woos unto His breast ;
 The HOLY GHOST His spouse
 Beckons into her rest.
- 7 Hark ! hark ! through highest heaven
 What sounds of mystic mirth !
 Mary, by GOD proclaimed
 The Queen of spotless Birth,
 And diademed with stars,
 The lowliest of the earth !
- 8 See ! see ! the Eternal Hands
 Put on her radiant crown,
 And the sweet Majesty
 Of Mercy sitteth down,
 For ever and for ever,
 On her predestined throne ! Amen.

86

AVE MARIS STELLA.

HAIL, bright Star of ocean !
Our Salvation's portal !
Ever-virgin Mother
Of the LORD immortal.

- 2 When the wondrous message
Was by Gabriel spoken,
Eva changed to "Avé,"
Was of peace the token.
- 3 Break the captive's fetters,
Power of sin repressing ;
Lighten every error,
Pray for every blessing.
- 4 CHRIST of thee deigned truly
To be born our Brother :
Through the endless ages
Show thyself a Mother.
- 4 Virgin, all excelling
Passing meek and lowly,
Pardoned sinners render
Blameless, chaste and holy.
- 6 In the way direct us,
All in safety faring,
Till we gaze on JESUS
In thy gladness sharing.
- 7 FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,
THREE in ONE confessing,
Greet we now with honour
Glory, praise, and blessing. Amen.

87

Hymn for the month of May.

The happy birds *Te Deums* sing,
 'Tis Mary's month of May,
 Her smile turns Winter into Spring,
 And darkness into day ;
 And there's a fragrance in the air,
 The bells their music make,
 And oh ! the world is bright and fair,
 And all for Mary's sake.

- 2 Where'er we seek the Holy Child,
 At every sacred spot,
 We meet the Mother undefiled,
 Who shun her seek Him not ;
 At cloistered Nazareth we see,
 At hamited Bethlehem,
 The throne of JESUS, Mary's knee,
 Her smile, His diadem.
- 3 The Daughter, Mother, Sponse of God,
 None silence her appeal,
 Who long to tread where JESUS trod,
 What JESUS felt to feel ;
 O Virgin-born ! from Thee we learn
 To love Thy Mother dear,
 Her teach us dly to discern,
 And rightly to revere.
- 4 To love the Mother, people say,
 Is to defraud the Son,
 For them, alas ! there dawns no May,
 Until their hearts are won ;
 Then when their hearts begin to burn—
 Ah, then, to JESUS true,

And loving whom He loves, they learn
To love Saint Mary too !

- 5 Thy Son our Brother is, and we,
 Whatever may betide,
A mother, Mary, have in thee,
 A guardian and a guide ;
Thy smiles a tale of gladness tell
 No words can ever say ;
If but, like thee, we love Him well,
 The year will all be May.
- 6 ‘All hail !’—an Angel spake the words
 We lovingly repeat,
The song-notes of the singing birds,
 They are not half as sweet ;
This is a music that endures,
 It cannot pass away,
For Mary’s children it ensures
 A never-ending May. Amen.

88

The Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

O PUREST of creatures ! sweet Mother ! sweet
 Maid !

The one spotless womb wherein JESUS was laid !
Dark night hath come down on us, Mother ! and
 we

Look out for thy shining, sweet Star of the Sea !

2 The Church doth what GOD had first taught her
 to do ;

He looked o'er the world to find hearts that were
 true ;

Through the ages He looked, and He found none
but thee,
And He loved thy dear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea !

- 3 He gazed on thy soul ; it was spotless and fair ;
For the empire of sin it never was there ;
None had ever known thee, dear Mother, but He,
And He blessed thy clear shining, sweet Star of
the Sea !
- 4 Earth gave Him one lodging ; 'twas deep in thy
breast,
And God found a home where the sinner finds
rest :
His home and His hiding-place, both were in thee ;
He was won by thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !
- 5 Oh blissful and calm was the wonderful rest
That thou gavest thy God in thy virginal breast ;
For the heaven He left He found heaven in thee,
And He shone in thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea !
- 6 To sinners what comfort, to angels what mirth,
That God found one creature so pure upon earth ;
One spot where His Spirit untroubled could be,
The depths of thy shining, sweet Star of the
Sea.
- 7 So worship we God in these dark latter days ;
So worship we JESUS our Love, when we praise
His wonderful grace in the gifts He gave thee,
The gift of clear shining, sweet Star of the Sea !
Amen.

THE SAINTS.

89

SPONSA CHRISTI, QUAE PER ORBEM.

SPOUSE of CHRIST, in arms contending
O'er each clime beneath the sun,
Blend with prayers for help ascending
Notes of praise for triumphs won.
Mary leads the sacred story,
Mary with her Heavenly Child,
Sharer with Him now in glory,
Maid and Mother undefiled.

- 2 Angels next, in due gradation
Of their nine-fold ministry,
Hymn the FATHER of creation,
Maker of the stars on high.
John, the herald-voice sonorous,
More than Prophet owned to be,
Patriarchs and Seers in chrons
Swell the angelic harmony.
- 3 Near to Christ the Apostles seated,
Trampling on the powers of hell,
By the promise now completed,
Judge the tribes of Israel;
They who nobly died believing,
Martyrs purpled in their gore,

Crowns of life by death receiving,
Rest in joy for evermore.

- 4 Priests and Levites, Gospel Preachers,
And Confessors numberless,
Prelates meek and holy Teachers
Bear the palm of righteousness.
Lo ! in bridal pomp, fair Virgins,
To the LAMB all consecrate,
Haste with lilies and with roses,
On the Bridegroom's steps to wait.
- 5 All are blest, together praising
God's eternal Majesty,
Thrice repeated anthems raising
To the all-holy TRINITY.
Saints of Heaven, ye happy Spirits,
Whom your God Himself doth bless,
One with you in blest communion,
Share we in your blessedness.
- 6 Drink we of the living Fountain,
O'er the land poured largely forth ;
Live we in a home of quiet
All our days upon the earth ;
Thus in holiness of service
Serve we God, His children true,
Here His servants, and hereafter
Dwellers in His Light with you. Amen.

90

SUPERNAE MATRIS GAVDIA.

THE Church on earth with answering love,
Echoes her Mother's joys above ;

These yearly feast-days she may keep,
And yet for endless festals weep.

- 2 In this world's valley, dim and wild,
The Mother must assist the Child ;
And heav'nly guards must pitch their tents,
And range their ranks in our defence.
- 3 The world, the flesh, and Satan's rage,
Their differing wars against us wage ;
And when their phantom hosts come on,
The Sabbath of the heart is gone.
- 4 This triple league, with fierce dislike,
At holy festivals would strike,
And set the battle in array
To drive their peace from earth away.
- 5 And storms confus'd above us lower,
Of hope and fear, and joy and woe ;
And scarcely e'en for one half-hour
Is silence in God's house below.
- 6 That distant city, oh, how blest,
Whose feast-days know no pause nor rest ;
How gladsome is that Palace gate,
Round which not fear nor sorrow wait.
- 7 There Angel citizens obey,
Submissive to a triple sway,
And lowly bow before the throne
Of God their Monarch, THREE in ONE.
- 8 The Fathers there of every land,
In order of their merit stand ;
All clouds that dimm'd their vision flee,
And in the Light their Light they see.

- 9 The Saint whose praise to-day we sing,
Is standing now before the throne ;
And face to face beholds the King,
In all His Majesty made known.
- 10 And Mary there, the Virgins' Queen,
Above the highest grade is seen,
And to her Liege presents her plea
That our misdeeds may pardon'd be.
- 11 That we their glorious rest may share,
When this life's many toils are past,
Christ, at their all-availing prayer,
Vouchsafe of Thy sweet grace, at last. Amen.

91

The Saints in Heaven.

HARK ! the sound of holy voices,
Chanting at the crystal sea
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Alleluia, LORD, to Thee :
Multitude, which none can number,
Like the stars in glory stands,
Clothed in white apparel, holding
Palms of victory in their hands.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,
Who prepared the way of CHRIST,
King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,
Martyr, and Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,
Widows who have watch'd to prayer,
Join'd in holy concert, singing
To the LORD of all, are there.

- 3 They have come from tribulation,
 And have wash'd their robes in Blood,
Wash'd them in the Blood of JESUS ;
 Tried they were, and firm they stood ;
Moek'd, imprison'd, stoned, tormented,
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquer'd death and Satan
 By the might of CHRIST the LORD.
- 4 Marching with Thy Cross their banner,
 They have triumph'd following
Thee, the Captain of salvation,
 Thee their Saviour and their King ;
Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffer'd ;
 Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
 They were born, and glorified.
- 5 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
 Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
 Holy bliss, and infinite ;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
 And all truth and knowledge see
In the Beatific Vision
 Of the Blessed TRINITY.
- 6 God of God, the One-begotten,
 Light of Light, Emmanuel,
In Whose Body join'd together
 All the Saints for ever dwell ;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness,
 That we may for evermore
God, the FATHER, God the Son, and
 God the HOLY GHOST adore. Amen.

92

ΤΑΣ ΕΔΡΑΣ ΤΑΣ ΑΙΩΝΙΑΣ.

THOSE eternal Bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the Throne of GOD :
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight ?
Who at length attain them
Clad in robes of white ?

- 2 He, who gladly barters
All on earthly ground ;
He who, like the Martyrs,
Says “ I will be crowned : ”
He, whose one oblation
Is a life of love ;
Clinging to the nation
Of the Blest above.
- 3 Shame upon you, legions
Of the Heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining !
What ! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour—
When He tells you—“ Fight ! ”
- 4 While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side !

Tell who will the story
 Of our *now* distress :
O the future glory !
 O the loveliness ! Amen.

93

Heroes of the Cross.

THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,
 A Kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar !
 Who follows in His train ?

- 2 Who best can drink His cup of woe,
 Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
 He follows in His train.
- 3 The Martyr first, whose eagle eye
 Could pierce beyond the grave ;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
 And call'd on Him to save.
- 4 Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
 In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong ;
 Who follows in His train ?
- 5 A glorious band, the chosen few
 On whom the SPIRIT came,
Twelve valiant Saints, their hope they knew,
 And mock'd the cross and flame.
- 6 They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
 The lion's gory mane,
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel ;
 Who follows in their train ?

- 7 A noble army, men and boys,
 The matron and the maid,
 Around the Saviour's Throne rejoice
 In robes of light array'd.
- 8 They climb'd the steep ascent of Heav'n
 Through peril, toil, and pain ;
 O God, to us may grace be given
 To follow in their train. Amen.

94

Saint Paul.

O VICTIM, dear to Heaven !
 Saint Paul, thou Teacher true !
 Thou love and joy of Christendom,
 To thee for help we sue.

- 2 Piereed with the flame of love
 Descending from on high ;
 'Twas thine to preach the Faith, that once
 Thou soughtest to destroy.
- 3 Nor toil, nor threaten'd death,
 Nor tempest, seourge, or chain,
 Could from th' assembly of the saints
 Thy loving heart detain.
- 4 Through thy prevailing prayer,
 May charity abound ;
 Sweet charity, which knows no ill,
 Which nothing ean confound.
- 5 To earth's remotest shores
 May one same Faith extend ;
 And thy epistles through all climes
 Their blessed message send.

6 Praise to the FATHER be ;
Praise to th' ETERNAL SON ;
Praise to the HOLY PARACLETE,
While endless ages run. Amen.

95

TEMPLI SACRATAS PANDE SION FORES.
(For Candlemas).

- O SION, open wide thy gates,
Let figures disappear ;
A Priest and Victim, both in one,
The Truth Himself, is here.
- 2 No more the simple flock shall bleed ;
Behold, the FATHER'S SON
Himself to His own Altar comes,
For sinners to atone.
- 3 Conseious of hidden Deity,
The lowly Virgin brings
Her new-born Babe, with two young doves,
Her tender offerings.
- 4 The hoary Simeon sees at last
His LORD so long desired,
And hails with Anna Israel's hope,
With sudden rapture fired.
- 5 But silent knelt the Mother blest
Of the yet silent WORD,
And, pondering all things in her heart,
With speechless praise adored.
- 6 All glory to the FATHER be,
All glory to the SON,
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Amen.

96

St. Joseph.

O HAPPY Saint ! what lofty place
Thou holdest in the realm of grace ;
How high, how holy was thy trust !
How faithful thou, how pure, how just !

- 2 To thy dear care did God confide
His chosen Child, thy Virgin-bride,
And bound thee by thy plighted vows
To chastely guard His Spirit's Spouse.
- 3 And O, what wondrous honour thine
To guard, to rear the Child Divine,
Whose love for thee, so sweetly won,
Was such, He would be called thy Son !
- 4 How honoured in thy daily toil,
To work with JESUS all the while !
How honoured in thy hours of rest,
When JESUS lay upon thy breast !
- 5 How honoured in thy holy death,
When Mary watched thy parting breath,
And JESUS gave thee that sweet grace—
To end thy days in His embrace !
- 6 O, pray that I may also die,
JESUS and Mary standing by
To bless and cheer me in life's close,
And lead me into heaven's repose ! Amen.

97

"Lady-day."

BLEST are the pure in heart
For they shall see our God :
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

- 2 The Lord, who left the heavens
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King :
- 3 He to the lowly soul
Doth still Himself impart,
And for His dwelling and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.
- 4 Lord, we Thy presence seek ;
May ours this blessing be ;
Give us a pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for Thee. Amen.

98

St. Peter.

SEEK ye the Patron to defend
Your cause ? — then, one and all,
Without delay, upon the Prince
Of the Apostles call.

- 2 Blest Holder of the Heavenly Keys !
Thy prayers we all implore :
Unlock to us the sacred bars
Of Heaven's eternal door.

- 3 By penitential tears, thou didst
 The path of life regain ;
Teach us with thee to weep our sins,
 And wash away their stain.
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 4 The angel touch'd thee, and forthwith
 Thy chains from off thee fell ;
Oh, loose us from the subtle coils
 That link us close with Hell.
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 5 Firm Rock, whereon the Church is based !
 Pillar that cannot bend !
With strength endue us ; and the Faith
 From heresy defend.
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 6 The weapons which our ancient foe
 Against us doth prepare,
'rush thou ; nor suffer us to fall
 Into his deadly snare.
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 7 Guard us through life, and in that hour
 When our last fight draws nigh,
O'er Death, o'er Hell, o'er Satan's power,
 Gain us the victory.
 Blest Holder, &c.
- 8 Praise to the LORD and FATHER be ;
 Praise to th' ETERNAL SON ;
Praise to the HOLY PARACLETE,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

99

St. Michael, the Archangel.

HAIL, bright Archangel ! Prince of heav'n !
Spirit divinely strong !
To whose rare merit hath been given
To head the angelie throng !

- 2 Thine the first worship was, when gloom
Through heaven's thinned ranks did move,
Thus giving unto God the bloom
Of young creation's love.
- 3 O trumpet-tongued ! O beautiful !
O force of the Most High !
The blessed of the earth look dull
Beside thy majesty.
- 4 First servant of the Ineffable !
The first created eye
That ever, proved and perfect, fell
On the dread TRINITY !
- 5 O Michael ! worship Him this night,
The FATHER, WORD, and DOVE,
Renewing with strong act the might
Of thy first marvellous love.
- 6 Praise to the THREE, whose love designed
Thee champion of the LORD ;
Who first conceived thee in His mind,
And made thee with His WORD.
- 7 Who stooped from nothingness to raise
A life like thine so high,
Beauty and being that should praise
His love eternally ! Amen.

100

St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland
and Confessor.

FOR all the Saints who reign above
We thank Thee, LORD, for they are thine ;
And they are ours ; their faith and love
Appeal for us before Thy shrine :
Than Margaret's soul no soul more fair
Adores the Sacred Presence there.

- 2 On Scotland's hills the mists are laid,
In rolling clouds their slopes are dight ;
Then breaks the sunlight through the shade,
Each peak irradiate lives in light ;
E'en so, through mists of evil days,
On forms transfigured rest the rays.
- 3 When England felt the foemen's hand,
When sank her armour in the strife,
A galley grounded on the sand
That lines the shore of windy Fife ;
She bore the richest freight of all
To Scotland's realm, to Malcolm's hall.
- 4 Sweet Queen ! her jewels, rich and rare,
In gold about her brow are set—
Chaste love maternal, grace of prayer—
Such is the crown of Margaret ;
It fails not with the failing breath,
It brightens in the shades of death !
- 5 With chant and holy Festival,
We come, O CHRIST, our King, to Thee ;
Kings, queens, and peasants, all we hail
Whose brows are bright with purity :
In them Thy glory we adore,
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

SPECIAL DEVOTIONS.

THE SACRED HEART.

101

SVMMI PARENTIS FILIO.

TO CHRIST, the Prince of peace,
And Son of God most High,
The FATHER of the world to come,
We lift our joyful cry.

- 2 Deep in His Heart for us
 The wound of love He bore,
That love wherewith He still inflames
 The hearts that Him adore.
- 3 O JESU, Victim Blest,
 What else but love Divine
Could Thee constrain to open thus
 That sacred Heart of Thine ?
- 4 O wondrous Fount of love,
 O Well of waters free,
O heavenly Flame, refining Fire,
 O burning Charity !
- 5 Hide me in Thy dear Heart,
 JESU, our Saviour Blest,
So shall I find Thy plenteous grace,
 And Heav'n's eternal rest. Amen.

102

QVICVNQVE CERTVM QVAERITIS.

ALL ye who seek a certain eure
In trouble or distress ;
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,
Or guilt the soul oppress :

- 2 JESUS, Who gave himself for you,
Upon the Cross to die,
Opens to you His Saered Heart,
Oh, to that Heart draw nigh.
- 3 Ye hear how kindly He invites,
Ye hear His words so blest :
“ All ye that labour, come to Me,
And I will give you rest.”
- 4 What meeker than the SAVIOUR’s Heart ?
As on the Cross He lay,
It did His murdererers forgive,
And for their pardon pray.
- 5 O Heart ! Thou joy of Saints on high !
Thou hope of sinners here !
Attracted by those loving words,
Through Thee I make my prayer.
- 6 Wash Thou my wounds in that dear Blood
Whieh forth from Thee doth flow ;
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new
And better heart bestow. Amen.

103

DIGNARE ME O IESV.

JESU, grant me this, I pray,
Ever in Thy Heart to stay :

Let me evermore abide
Hidden in Thy wounded Side.

- 2 If the evil one prepare,
Or the world, a tempting snare,
I am safe when I abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.
- 3 If the flesh, more dangerous still,
Tempt my soul to deeds of ill,
Nought I fear when I abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side.
- 4 Death will come one day to me ;
JESU, cast me not from Thee :
Dying let me still abide
In Thy Heart and wounded Side. Amen.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

104

"The Blood of JESUS."

GLORY be to JESUS,
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the life-blood
From His sacred veins !

- 2 Grace and life eternal,
In that Blood I find ;
Blest be His compassion,
Infinitely kind.
- 3 Blest through endless ages,
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.

- 4 Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies ;
But the Blood of JESUS
For our pardon cries.—
- 5 Oft as it is sprinkled,
On our guilty hearts ;
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.—
- 6 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Hell with horror trembles,
Heav'n is filled with joy.—
- 7 Lift up then your voices ;
Swell the mighty flood ;
Louder still, and louder
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

105

Viva ! Viva ! Gesu.

HAIL, JESUS, hail ! who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's veins didst take,
And shed it all for me ;
Oh, blessed be my Saviour's Blood,
My life, my light, my only good,
To all eternity.

- 2 To endless ages let us praise
The Precious Blood, whose price could raise
The world from wrath and sin ;
Whose streams our inward thirst appease,
And heal the sinner's worst disease,
If he but bathe therein.

- 3 O sweetest Blood that can implore
Pardon of God, and heaven restore,
The heaven which sin had lost ;
While Abel's blood for vengeance pleads,
What Jesus shed still intercedes
For those who wrong Him most.
- 4 Oh, to be sprinkled from the wells
Of Christ's own Sacred Blood exels
Earth's best and highest bliss ;
The ministers of wrath divine
Hurt not the happy hearts that shine
With those red drops of His.
- 5 Ah ! there is joy amid the Saints,
And hell's despairing courage faints
When this sweet song we raise.
Oh, louder then, and louder still,
Earth with one mighty chorus fill,
The Precious Blood to praise. Amen.

THE HOLY NAME.

106

IESV DULCIS MEMORIA.

JESU, how sweet the thought of Thee !
At Thy dear name all sorrows flee :
But far above all joys that be
Is Thy presence and company.

2 Sweet are the songs of Thee that sing,
Glad the discourse that Thee doth bring,
Happy the thoughts that in me spring,
Jesus, of Thee, my God and King.

- 3 O hope of ev'ry contrite mind,
Ev'n to the lost in pity inclined,
JESU, to those that seek how kind,
But what art Thou to them that find ?
- 4 JESU, Thou King of highest hest,
Whose triumph hath the world possest,
Excelling sweetness unexprest,
All-loving, loved and loveliest.
- 5 There is no tongue can tell of this,
No book that writeth not amiss,
To love Thee, JESU, what it is
He may believe who hath the bliss.
- 6 I will seek JESUS in the night
When from my sense the world takes flight,
Alone, and ever in all men's sight,
Will follow Him, my long delight.
- 7 JESUS doth all my heart require
Truth's fount, and pure enlivening fire,
Transcending earthly joy, and higher
Than all the longing of desire.
- 8 A thousand-fold my heart is fain ;
JESU, to me when wilt Thou deign,
When wilt Thou glad my soul again,
When, when, ah ! when shall I attain ?

Amen.

107

The Name of JESUS.

HOLY Name of JESUS,
Name wherein we trust,
Name that show'st the FATHER
Merciful and just !

We would own and bless Thee
While our lips have breath :
What were life without Thee ?
Oh, and what were death ?

2 Holy Name of JESUS !
Who can tell Thy worth ?
Love doth crown and hallow
Many a name of earth ;
But the best and dearest,
Precious though they be,
Yield but some faint image,
Royal Name ! of Thee.

3 Holy Name of JESUS !
In temptation's hour,
When we next invoke Thee,
May we feel Thy power ;
Flow like purest ointment,
Heart and mind within,
Quelling with Thy sweetness
Deadly chains of sin.

4 Holy Name of JESUS !
Be Thy glory shed
Where the shadows thicken
O'er the path we tread ;
Chilling fears will vanish,
Doubts to faith give way,
And the passing dimness
Melt in golden day. Amen.

108

“Ministering Spirits.”

PRAISE to God Who reigns above,
 Binding earth and Heav’n in love ;
 All the armies of the sky
 Worship His dread sovereignty.

- 2 Seraphim His praises sing,
 Cherubim on fourfold wing,
 Thrones, Dominions, Princes, Powers,
 Marshall’d Might that never cowers.
- 3 Speeds the Archangel from His Face,
 Bearing messages of grace ;
 Angel hosts His words fulfil,
 Ruling nature by His Will.
- 4 Yet on man they joy to wait,
 All that bright celestial state,
 For in Man their LORD they see,
 CHRIST, the Incarnate DEITY.
- 5 On the Throne their LORD Who died
 Sits in Manhood glorified ;
 Where His people faint below
 Angels count it joy to go.
- 6 Oh, the depths of joy Divine
 Thrilling through those Orders nine.
 When the lost are found again,
 When the banish’d come to reign !
- 7 Now in faith, in hope, in love,
 We will join the choirs above,
 Praising, with the heavenly Host,
 FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

109

The Guardian Angel.

DEAR Angel, ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A guilty wretch like me.

- 2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near :
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.
- 3 But when, dear Spirit ! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
- 4 Yes ! when I pray thou prayest too,
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But wakest patiently.
- 5 But most of all I feel thee near
When, from the good priest's feet,
I go absolved, in fearless love,
Fresh toils and cares to meet.
- 6 Then for thy sake, dear Angel, now
More humble will I be :
But I am weak, and when I fall,
Oh, weary not of me.
- 7 Oh, weary not, but love me still,
For Mary's sake, thy Queen ;
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

8 Then love me, love me, Angel dear !
 And I will love thee more ;
And help me when my soul is cast
 Upon the eternal shore. Amen.

110

Songs in the night.

HARK, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat
shore :
How sweet the truth! those blessed strains are
telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

4 Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past :

All journeys end in wecomes to the weary,
And Heaven, the heart's true home, will come
at last.

Angels of JESUS, &c.

5 Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly
glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea ;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for
thee.

Angels of JESUS, &c.

6 Angels, sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with
weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
Amen.

THE HOLY CHURCH.

III

VRBS BEATA HIERVSALEM.
(Dedication of the Church).

BLESSED City, Heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of Peace and Love,
Who, of living stones upbuildd,
Art the joy of Heav'n above,
And with angel cohorts circled,
As a bride to earth dost move.

2 From celestial realms descending,
Ready for the nuptial bed,

To His presence, deck'd with jewels,
By her LORD shall she be led :
All her streets, and all her bulwarks,
Of pure gold are fashioned.

- 3 Bright with pearls her portal glitters ;
It is open evermore ;
And, by virtue of His merits,
Thither faithful souls may soar,
Who for CHRIST's dear Name, in this world
Pain and tribulation bore.
- 4 Many a blow and biting sculpture
Polish'd well those stones elect,
In their places now compacted
By the Heavenly Architect,
Who therewith hath will'd for ever
That His Palace should be deck'd.

PART II.

- 5 CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,
And the precious Corner-stone,
Who, the two walls underlying,
Bound in each, binds both in one ;
Holy Sion's help for ever,
And her confidence alone.

- 6 All that dedicated City,
Dearly lov'd by God on high,
In exultant jubilation
Pours perpetual melody ;
God the One, and God the Trinal,
Singing everlasting.

- 7 To this Temple where we call Thee,
 Come, O LORD of Hosts, to-day !
With Thy wonted loving-kindness
 Hear Thy people as they pray ;
And Thy fullest benediction
 Shed within its walls for aye.
- 8 Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants
 That they supplicate to gain :
Here to have and hold for ever
 Those good things their pray'rs obtain ;
And hereafter in Thy Glory
 With Thy blessed ones to reign.

(After each Part).

- 9 Laud and honour to the FATHER ;
 Laud and honour to the SON ;
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT ;
 Ever THREE, and ever ONE :
Consubstantial, eo-eternal,
 While unending ages run. Amen.

112

The House of GOD.

WE love the place, O GOD,
 Wherein Thine honour dwells ;
The joy of Thine abode
 All earthly joy excels.

- 2 It is the house of prayer,
 Wherein Thy servants meet ;
And Thou, O LORD, art there,
 Thy chosen flock to greet.

- 3 We love the sacred font ;
 For there the HOLY DOVE
To pour is ever wont
 His effluence from above.
- 4 We love our FATHER's Board,
 Its Altar steps are dear,
For there, in faith adored,
 We find Thy Presenee near.
- 5 We love the word of life,
 The word that tells of peace,
Of comfort in the strife,
 And joys that never cease.
- 6 We love to sing below
 For mercies freely given ;
But oh ! we long to know
 The triumph-song of heaven.
- 7 LORD JESUS, give us grace
 On earth to love Thee more,
In heaven to see Thy face,
 And with Thy saints adore. Amen.

113

The Holy Church.

CHRIST is gone up ; yet ere He pass'd
 From earth, in Heav'n to reign,
He form'd one holy Church to last
 Till He should come again.

- 2 His twelve Apostles first He made
 His ministers of grace ;

And they their hands on others laid,
To fill in turn their place.

- 3 So age by age, and year by year,
His grace was handed down ;
And still the holy Church is here,
Although her Lord is gone.
- 4 Let those find pardon, Lord, from Thee
Whose love to her is cold :
Bring wanderers in, and let there be
One Shepherd and one fold. Amen.

114

Faith of our Fathers.

FAITH of our fathers ! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword ;
Oh, how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word !
Faith of our fathers, holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.

- 2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free :
How sweet would be their children's fate,
. If they, like them, could die for thee !
Faith of our fathers, &c.
- 3 Faith of our fathers ! Mary's prayers
Shall win our country back to thee ;
And through the truth that comes from God,
Britain shall then indeed be free.
Faith of our fathers, &c.
- 4 Faith of our fathers ! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,

And preach thee too as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers, &c.

5 Faith of our Fathers ! days of old
Within our hearts speak gallantly ;
For ages Thou hast stood by us,
Dear Faith ! and we will stand by Thee.
Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith !
We will be true to thee till death.
Amen.

THE FAITHFUL DEPARTED.

115

DIES IRAE, DIES ILLA,

DAY of Wrath ! O day of mourning !
See fulfilled the prophet's warning !
Heav'n and earth in ashes burning !

Oh, what fear man's bosom vendeth
When from Heav'n the Judge descendeth,
On Whose sentence all dependeth !

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking,
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making.

Lo ! the Book exactly worded,
Wherein all hath been recorded ;
Thence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading,
Who for me be interceding,
When the just are mercy needing ?

King of Majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity, then befriend us !

Think, good JESU, my salvation
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation ;
Leave me not to reprobation.

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me ;
Such shall grace be vainly brought me ?

Righteous Judge ! for sin's pollution
Grant Thy gift of absolution,
Ere that day of retribution.

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning ;
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst ;
Thou the dying thief forgavest ;
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing ;
Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying.

With Thy favour'd sheep O place me,
Nor among the goats abase me,
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doom'd to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me with Thy Saints surrounded

Low I kneel, with heart-submission,
See, like ashes, my contrition ;
Help me in my last condition.

Ah ! that day of tears and mourning !
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him ;
Spare, O God, in mercy spare him !

LORD, all pitying, Jesu Blest,
Grant them Thine eternal rest. Amen.

116

DE PROFUNDIS EXCLAMANTES.

CHRIST enthroned in highest Heaven,
Hear us crying from the deep,
For the faithful ones departed,
For the souls of all that sleep,
As Thy kneeling Church entreateth,
Hearken, Shepherd of the sheep.

2 King of glory, hear our voices,
Grant Thy faithful rest we pray,
We have sinned, and may not bide it,
If Thou mark our steps astray,
Yet we plead that Saving Victim,
Which for them we bring to-day.

- 3 That which Thou Thyself hast offered
 To Thy Father, offer we,
Let it win for them a blessing ;
 Bless them JESU, set them free ;
They are Thine, they wait in patience,
 Merciful and gracious be.
- 4 They are Thine, O take them quickly,
 Thou their hope, O raise them high ;
Ever hoping, ever trusting
 Unto Thee, they strive and cry
Day and night, both morn and even ;
 Be, O CHRIST, their guardian nigh.
- 5 Let Thy plenteous loving kindness
 On them, as we pray, be poured :
Let them, through thy boundless mercy,
 From all evil be restored ;
Hearken to the gentle pleading
 Of Thy Mother, gracious LORD.
- 6 When, O kind and radiant JESU,
 Kneels the Queen Thy Throne before,
Let the court of Saints attending,
 Mercy for the dead implore ;
Hearken, loving Friend of sinners,
 Whom the Cross, exalted bore.
- 7 Hear and answer prayer devoutest ;
 Break, O LORD, each binding chain ;
Dash the gates of death aside ;
 Quell the devil and his train :
Bring the souls which Thou hast ransomed
 Evermore in joy to reign — Amen.

117

All souls are mine.

O DEAREST LORD, we humbly crave
Thy mercy for the holy dead,
Who suffer in the burning wave
The rigours of Thy justice dread.

O, JESUS, unto our request
In pity let Thy Heart incline,
And grant them, Lord, eternal rest
Let light for ever on them shine.

- 2 Behold, how patiently they bear
The flames that cleanse, the pangs that thrill,
And bless and praise Thy mercy there,
Submissive to Thy Holy Will.
Oh, by the pains that racked Thy breast
From life's first dawn to death's decline,
Grant, grant them, LORD, eternal rest—
Let light for ever on them shine.

- 3 They've conquered in the holy fight—
The shock of earth and hell withstood ;
They are the trophies of Thy might,
They are the purchased of thy Blood.
Then clasp them, JESUS, to Thy Breast,
For, while they suffer, they are Thine ;
And grant them, LORD, eternal rest,
Let light for ever on them shine.

- 4 Oh, listen to those loving cries
They waft to Thee by night, by day ;
The sobs of love that fain would rise
And rush unto its GOD away.
By absence, more than pain, distressed,
With love they burn, with love they pine ;
Then grant them, LORD, eternal rest,
Let light for ever on them shine. Amen.

HYMNS CONNECTED WITH THE SEA

118

For those at sea.

ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

2 O CHRIST, Whose voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

3 O HOLY SPIRIT, Who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace :
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

4 O TRINITY of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

Amen.

119

"Peace, be still."

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep,
Watch did Thine anxious servants keep,
But Thou wast wrapp'd in guileless sleep,
Cahn and still

- 2 "Save, LORD, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."
- 3 The wild winds hush'd; the angry deep
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At Thy will.
- 4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."
Amen.

120

ZΟΦΕΡΑΣ ΤΡΙΚΤΜΙΑΣ.

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white,
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was high;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I."

2 Ridge of the mountain-wave,
 Lower thy crest !
Wail of Euroelydon,
 Be thou at rest !
Sorrow can never be,
 Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,—
 “ Peace ! It is I.”

3 JESUS, Deliverer,
 Come Thou to me :
Soothe Thou my voyaging
 Over life’s sea :
Then, when the storm of death
 Roars sweeping by,
Whisper Thou Truth of Truth,—
 “ Peace ! It is I.” Amen.

121

“ The LORD sitteth above the waterfloods.”

O GOD, Who metest in Thine hand
 The waters of the mighty sea,
And barrest ocean with the sand
 By Thy perpetual decree :

2 What time the floods lift up their voice
 And break in anger on the shore,
When deep to deep calls with the noise
 Of waterspouts and billows’ roar ;

3 When they who to the sea go down,
 And in the waters ply their toil,
Are lifted on the surge’s crown,
 And plunged where seething eddies boil ;

- 4 Rule then, O LORD, the ocean's wrath,
And bind the tempest with Thy will ;
Tread, as of old, the water's path,
And speak Thy bidding, " Peace, be still."
- 5 So with Thy mercies ever new
Thy servants set from peril free,
And bring them, Pilot wise and true,
Within the port where they would be.

Amen

122

" And there was no more sea."

TOSSED upon life's raging billow,
Sweet it is, O LORD, to know
Thou hast pressed a sailor's pillow,
And canst feel a sailor's woe :
Never slumbering, never sleeping,
Though the night be dark and drear,
Thou Thy faithful watch art keeping,
" All is well !" Thy constant cheer.

- 2 And though loud the wind is howling,
Fierce though flash the lightnings red,
Though the storm clouds dark are scowling
O'er the sailor's anxious head,
Thou canst calm the raging ocean,
All its noise and tumult still ;
Hush the billow's wild commotion
At the bidding of Thy will.
- 3 Thus our hearts the hope will cherish
While to heaven we lift our eyes,
Thou wilt save us ere we perish,
Thou wilt hear our faintest cries :

And, though mast and sail be riven,
Life's short voyage soon is o'er :
Safely moored in Heaven's wide haven
Storms and tempests vex no more. Amen.

123

In stormy weather.

- WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, "Save, LORD, or we perish."
- 2 O JESUS, once rock'd on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save LORD, or we perish."
- 3 And O ! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace Thy redeemèd to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer ; "Save, LORD, or we perish." Amen.

124

For absent friends.

HOLY FATHER, in Thy mercy
Hear our anxious prayer,
Keep our loved ones, now far absent,
'Neath Thy care.

2 JESUS, SAVIOUR, let Thy presence
 Be their light and guide ;
 Keep, oh, keep them, in their weakness,
 At Thy Side.

3 When in sorrow, when in danger,
 When in loneliness,
 In Thy love look down and comfort
 Their distress.

4 May the joy of Thy salvation
 Be their strength and stay ;
 May they love and may they praise Thee
 Day by day.

5 HOLY SPIRIT, let Thy teaching
 Sanetify their life :
 Send Thy grace, that they may conquer
 In the strife.

6 FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,
 God the ONE in THREE,
 Bless them, guide them, save them, keep them
 Near to Thee. Amen.

125

The Star of the Sea.

HOW many a mighty ship
 The stormy waves o'erwhelm ;
Yet our frail bark floats on,
 Our Angel holds the helm :
Dark storms are gathering round,
 And dangerous winds arise,
Yet see ! one trembling star
 Is shining in the skies : -

And we are safe who trust in thee,
Star of the Sea.

2 A long and weary voyage
Have we to reach our home,
And dark and sunken rocks
Are hid in silver foam ;
Each moment we may sink,
But steadily we sail,
Our wingèd Pilot smiles,
And says we shall not fail :—
And so we kneel and call on thee,
Star of the Sea.

3 Yes, for those shining rays
Shall beam upon the main,
Shall guide us safely on,
Through fear and doubt and pain :
And see—the stormy wind
Our little sail has caught,
The tempest others fear
Shall drive us into port :—
Through Life's dark voyage we trust in thee
Star of the Sea.

4 The shore now looms in sight,
The far off' golden strand,
Yet many a freight is wrecked
And lost in sight of land ;
Then guide us safely home,
Through that last hour of strife,
And welcome us to land,
From the long voyage of life :—
In death and life we call on thee,
Star of the Sea. Amen.

126

Our Lady of the Sea.

MY way to heaven is on the deep,
Where billows fret and foam ;
And o'er my soul the surges sweep
To drown my hopes of home.
But though the waves and tempests war,
My hope shall be in thee,
O Mother dear ! bright Ocean Star,
Sweet Lady of the Sea.

- 2 The gale blows hard, the sky is dark,
And mists obscure the shore,
And many a strong and stately bark
Has sunk to rise no more.
O Star of Heaven ! shine in the gloom,
And guide my soul to thee ;
And save me from the sinner's doom,
O Lady of the Sea !
- 3 When wild temptations round me storm,
Their fury thou shalt tame ;
The tempter flies before thy form,
He trembles at thy name.
Thy form I'll grave upon my breast,
Thy name my strength shall be ;
And in thy eare I'll sweetly rest,
O Lady of the Sea !
- 4 O Mother ! why should I despair,
Though death rides on the waves ?
I know thy love, I know thy prayer
The trembling vessel saves.
O let thy loving prayer arise
To JESU's throne for me ;
Thy Son is LORD of earth and skies,
O Lady of the Sea ! Amen.

127

Evening, looking over the Sea.

- THE day Thou gavest, LORD, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest ;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.
- 2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.
- 3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.
- 4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.
- 5 So be it LORD ; Thy Throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away ;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows for ever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

GENERAL HYMNS.

128

Holy, Holy, Ho

HOLY, holy, holy, LORD God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to
Thee ;
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three PERSONS, Blessed TRINITY.

- 2 Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the
glassy sea ;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
- 3 Holy, holy, holy ! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may
not see,
Only Thou art holy : there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.
- 4 Holy, holy, holy, LORD God Almighty,
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth,
and sky, and sea :
Holy, holy, holy ! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three PERSONS, Blessed TRINITY.
Amen.

F. 145-152 bound after

- 4 The Moon above, the Church below,
 A wondrous race they run ;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
 Each borrows of its Sun.
- 5 The Saviour lends the light and heat
 That crown His holy hill ;
The Saints, like stars, around His seat
 Perform their courses still.
- 6 The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
 It steals in silence down ;
But where it lights, the favour'd place
 By richest fruits is known.
- 7 One Name, above all glorious names,
 With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
 Echoing Angelic songs.
- 8 The raging fire, the roaring wind
 Thy boundless power display ;
But in the gentler breeze we find
 Thy SPIRIT's viewless way.
- 9 Two worlds are ours : 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
The mystic Heav'n and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.
- 10 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
 And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

138

Psalm CIV.

OH, worship the KING,
All glorious above !
Oh, gratefully sing
His power and His love ;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

2 Oh, tell of His might,
Oh, sing of His grace !
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space ;
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

3 The earth with its store
Of wonders untold,
Almighty ! Thy power
Hath founded of old :
Hath 'stablished it fast
By a changeless decree :
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

4 Thy bountiful care,
What tongue can recite ?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light ;

It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain.

5 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail—
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail :
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end !
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

6 O measureless Might !
Ineffable Love !
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall lisp to Thy praise. Amen.

139

NUN DANKET ALLE GOTT.

NOW all give thanks to God
With body, soul, and spirit :
For countless gifts of good
Beyond our sense and merit.
Who call'd us from our birth
To His Saints' company,
And gave us on the earth
So fair a land and free.

2 O may His bounteous love
Thro'out this life befriend us,
And ever cheerful hearts
And holy concord send us :
 His grace our spirits bear
Thro' vanities unvext,
And shield from ill whate'er
In this world and the next.

3 All glory be to GOD
For all He hath created,
From us whom He so high
Among His works enstated,
 To praise Him while we live
And on His will attend,
Until we there arrive,
Where song shall have no end. Amen.

140

Psalm XC.

OUR GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art GOD,
To endless years the same.

- 4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The many tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downwards by the flood,
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 7 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

141

"Lo, these are parts of His ways."

MY God, I thank Thee, Who hast made
The earth so bright ;
So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light ;
So many glorious things are here,
Noble and right.

- 2 I thank Thee too that Thou hast made
Joy to abound :
So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,
That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

3 I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touch'd with pain ;
That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
That thorns remain ;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

4 For Thou, Who knowest, LORD, how soon
Our weak heart elings,
Hast given us joys, tender and true,
Yet all with wings ;
So that we see, gleaming on high,
Diviner things.

5 I thank Thee, LORD, that Thou hast kept
The best in store ;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more :
A yearning for a deeper peace,
Not known before.

6 I thank Thee, LORD, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest,—
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On JESUS' breast. Amen.

142

The Will of God.

I WORSHIP Thee, sweet Will of God,
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love Thee more and more.

- 2 Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
 Of JESU's toils and tears,
Thou wert the passion of His Heart
 Those three-and-thirty years.
- 3 I love to kiss each print where Thou
 Hast set Thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed Will !
 Thine empire is so sweet.
- 4 When obstacles and trials seem
 Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
 And leave the rest to Thee.
- 5 Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
 Thou glorious Will ! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim sons behind Thee take
 The road that Thou hast gone.
- 6 He always wins who sides with GOD,
 To him no chance is lost ;
God's Will is sweetest to him when
 It triumphs at his cost.
- 7 Ill that He blesses is our good,
 And unblest good our ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
 If it be His sweet Will ! Amen.

143

The L ORD is King.

ALL hail ! the power of Jesu's name
 Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem
 To crown Him L ORD of all.

- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
 And as they tune it, fall
Before His face who tunes their choir,
 And crown Him LORD of all.
- 3 Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,
 Who fixed this floating ball ;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
 And crown Him LORD of all.
- 4 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
 Who from His altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown Him LORD of all.
- 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him LORD of all.
- 6 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David LORD did call
The God incarnate, man Divine,
 And crown Him LORD of all.
- 7 Sinners ! whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
Go—spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him LORD of all.
- 8 Let every tribe and every tongue
 That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
 The crowned LORD of all. Amen.

144

The Praises of JESUS.

PART I. BY DAY.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised
Alike at work and prayer,
To JESUS I repair.
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised

- 2 To Thee, my GOD, above,
I cry with glowing love ;
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
The fairest graces spring
In hearts that ever sing ;
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

- 3 When you begin the day,
Oh ! never fail to say,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
And at your work rejoice
To sing with heart and voice,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

- 4 Be this at meals your grace,
In every time and place ;
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
Be this when day is past,
Of all your thoughts the last !
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

PART II. BY NIGHT.

- 1 When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs ;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast ;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
- 2 Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find ;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss,
My comfort still is this ;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
- 3 Should guilt your spirit wring,
Remember CHRIST, your King ;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear !
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
- 4 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say,
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.
In Heaven's eternal bliss,
The loveliest strain is this ;
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

PART III. ON THE LORD'S DAY.

- 1 The sacred minster bell,
It peals o'er hill and dell :
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

Oh ! hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

2 My tongue shall never tire
Of chanting with the quire,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

This song of sacred joy,
It never seems to cloy !
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

3 To God the WORD on high,
The host of angels cry,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise ;
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

4 Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound ;
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

Let air, and sea, and sky,
From depth to height reply ;
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

AFTER EACH PART.

5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine :
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised !

Be this th' eternal song
Through all the ages on,
 May JESUS CHRIST be praised ! Amen.

145

The Holy Name

HOW sweet the Name of JESUS sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear Name ! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place ;
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 JESUS ! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought ;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.
- 6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath ;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

146

IESV DVL CIS MEMORIA

JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast :
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

- 2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind !
- 3 O hope of every contrite heart !
O joy of all the meek !
To those who fall, how kind Thou art !
How good to those who seek,
- 4 But what to those who find ? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of JESUS, what it is
None but His loved ones know.
- 5 O JESU, Light of all below !
Thou Fount of life and fire !
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire !
- 6 JESU, my only joy be Thou,
As Thou my prize wilt be ;
JESU, be Thou my glory now,
And through Eternity. Amen.

147

IESV REX ADMIRABILIS.

O JESU, King most wonderful !
Thou conqueror renowned !
Thou sweetness most ineffable !
In Whom all joys are found !

- 2 When once Thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine ;
Then earthly vanities depart ;
Then wakens love divine.
- 3 JESU ! Thy mercies are untold,
Through each returning day ;
Thy love exceeds a thousandfold
Whatever we can say ;
- 4 That love, which in Thy Passion drained
For us Thy Precious Blood,
Whence with Redemption we have gain'd
The vision of our GOD !
- 5 May every heart confess Thy Name,
And ever Thee adore ;
And seeking Thee, itself inflame,
To seek Thee more and more.
- 6 Grant me, while here on earth I stay,
Thy love to feel and know ;
And when from hence I pass away,
To me Thy glory show. Amen.

148

"So God and man is one CHRIST."

CHRIST has two parents, in a two-fold scheme,
A two-fold birth sublime ;
A FATHER, from eternity supreme,
A Mother, born in time.

- 2 He from His FATHER, by eternal birth,
Without a mother came ;
Created highest Heaven, this lower earth,
And all the starry frame.
- 3 He from His Mother, in the midst of years,
Without a father born,
Drain'd to the dregs the cup of human tears,
Then died in pain and scorn.
- 4 O peerless mystery of depth and height,
In one same PERSON seen !
O finite closely knit with Infinite !
Celestial with terrene.
- 5 JESU, by Thy eternal FATHER's might,
Hear Thou my trembling prayer ;
Thou who art GOD of GOD and LIGHT of LIGHT,
Omnipotent to spare !
- 6 JESU, by Thy sweet Mother's tender love,
Look tenderly on me ;
Remember, mighty as Thou art above,
I am one flesh with Thee ! Amen.

149

"God so loved the world."

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise ;
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways.

- 2 O loving wisdom of our GOD !
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.
- 3 O wisest love ! that flesh and blood,
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail ;
- 4 And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essenee all-divine.
- 5 O generous love ! that He, Who smote
In Man for man the foe,
The double agony in Man
For man should undergo ;
- 6 And in the garden secretly,
And on the Cross on high,
Should teach His brethren, and inspire
To suffer and to die.
- 7 Praise to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise :
In all His words most wonderful,
Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

150

Psalm XXIII.

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am His
And He is mine for ever.

- 2 Where streams of living water flow
My ransom'd soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.
- 3 Perverse and foolish oft I stray'd,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His Shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.
- 4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With Thee, dear LORD, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.
- 5 Thou spread'st a Table in my sight ;
Thy Unction grace bestoweth ;
And oh, what transport of delight
From Thy pure Chalice floweth !
- 6 And so through all the length of days
Thy goodness faileth never :
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy house for ever. Amen.

151

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

LOVE Divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of Heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling :
 All Thy faithful mercies crown.
JESU, Thou art all compassion ;
 Pure, unbounded Love Thou art :
Visit us with Thy salvation ;
 Enter every longing heart.

- 2 Come, Almighty to deliver,
 Let us all Thy grace receive ;
Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve Thee as Thy hosts above ;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing ;
 Glory in Thy precious Love.
- 3 Finish, then, Thy new creation ;
 Pure, unspotted may we be :
Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured by Thee :
Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in Heaven we take our place ;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise. Amen.

152

"The greatest of these."

GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
 Holy, heavenly love.

- 2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong,
Therefore give us love.
- 3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day.
Love will ever with us stay,
Therefore give us love.
- 4 Faith will vanish into sight,
Hope be emptied in delight,
Love in Heav'n will shine more bright,
Therefore give us love.
- 5 Faith and hope and love we see
Joining hand and hand agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.
- 6 From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love. Amen.

153

"He shall receive of Mine, and shall show it unto you."

COME, Thou everlasting SPIRIT,
Bring to every thankful mind
All the Saviour's dying merit,
All His sufferings for mankind :
True Recorder of His Passion,
Now the living faith impart ;
Now reveal His great salvation
Unto every faithful heart.

- 2 Come, Thou witness of His dying ;
 Come, Remembrance divine ;
 Let us feel Thy power applying
 CHRIST to every soul, and mine :
 Let us groan Thine inward groaning ;
 Look on Him we pierced, and grieve :
 All partake the grace atoning—
 All the sprinkled blook receive.
- 3 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth ;
 I in Him, and He in me !
 And my empty soul He filleth,
 Here and through eternity.
 Thus I wait for His returning,
 Singing all the way to Heaven :
 Such the joyous song of morning,
 Such the banquet song of even. Amen.

154

WACHET AUF, RUFT UNS DIE STIMME.

WAKE, awake, for night is flying,
 The watchmen from the heights are crying,
 Awake, Hierusalem, arise !
 Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,
 Her chariot-wheels are nearer rolling ;
 He comes ; prepare, ye virgins wise.
 Rise up, with willing feet
 Go forth, the Bridegroom meet.
 Alleluia !
 Bear through the night your well-trimmed light,
 Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

2 Sion hears the watchman singing,
 Her heart with deep delight is springing,
 At once she wakes, she hastens away.

Forth her Bridegroom hastens glorious,
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious ;
 Her grief is joy, her night is day.
All hail, Incarnate LORD,
Our Crown and our Reward !
 Alleluia !
We haste along, in pomp of song,
And gladsome join the marriage throng.

- 3 Hear Thy praise, O LORD, ascending
From tongnes of men and angels blending
 With harp and lute and psaltery.
By Thy pearly gates in wonder
We stand and swell the voice of thunder,
 In bursts of choral melody.
No vision ever brought,
No ear hath ever caught,
 Such bliss and joy ;
We raise the song, we swell the throng,
To praise Thee ages all along. Amen.

155

“Behold, thy KING cometh.”

THOU art coming, O my Saviour,
Thou art coming, O my King,
In Thy beauty all-resplendent,
In Thy glory all-transcendent ;
 Well may we rejoice and sing ;
Coming :—in the opening east
 Herald brightness slowly swells ;
Coming :—O my glorious Priest,
 Hear we not Thy golden bells ?

- 2 Thon art coming, Thou art coming ;
 We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee,
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
 All our hearts could never say ;
What an anthem that will be,
 Music rapturously sweet,
Pouring out our love to Thee
 At Thine own all-glorious feet.
- 3 Oh the joy to see Thee reigning,
 Thee my own belovèd LORD ;
Every tongue Thy name confessing ;
Worship, honour, glory, blessing
 Brought to Thee with one accord,
Thee, my Master and my Friend,
 Vindicated and enthroned,
Unto earth's remotest end
 Glorified, adored, and own'd. Amen.

156

Psalm LXXII.

HAIL to the LORD's Anointed ;
 Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

- 2 He comes with succour speedy
 To those that suffer wrong ;
To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;

To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

- 3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth ;
And joy and hope like flowers
Spring in His path to birth.
Before Him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go :
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

- 4 Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee ;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see ;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

- 5 Kings shall fall down before him,
And gold and incense bring ;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise shall people sing :
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

- 6 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend :
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.

The mountain dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

- 7 O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age most glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove :
His name shall stand for ever ;
That name to us is LOVE. Amen.

157

“ Lovest thou Me ?”

HARK, my soul ! it is the LORD ;
’Tis thy Saviour, hear His word ;
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee—
“ Say, poor sinner, lov’st thou Me ?”

- 2 “ I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound ;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right ;
Turned thy darkness into light.

- 3 “ Can a woman’s tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes ! she may forgetful be ;
Yet will I remember thee.

“ Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above :
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

129

"In Thy light shall we see light."

THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,
Ruler of the earth and sea,
Hear us, while we lift to Thee
 Holy chant and psalm.

- 2 Light of lights ! with morning-shine,
Lift on us Thy Light Divine ;
And let charity benign
 Breathe on us her balm.
- 3 Light of lights ! when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven ;
Fold us in the peace of Heav'n ;
 Shed a vesper calm.
- 4 THREE in ONE and ONE in THREE,
Darkling here we worship Thee ;
With the Saints hereafter we
 Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

130

"Which is, and which was, and which
is to come."

HAVE mercy on us, God most high !
Who lift our hearts to Thee ;
Have mercy on us worms of earth,
 Most Holy TRINITY !

- 2 When Heaven and earth were yet unmade,
When time was yet unknown,
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty
 Didst live and love alone.

- 3 Thou wert not born ; there was no fount
 From which Thy Being flowed ;
 There is no end whieh Thou canst reach ;
 But Thou art simply GOD.
- 4 How wonderful creation is !
 The work that Thou didst bless ;
 And oh ! what then must Thou be like,
 Eternal Loveliness ?
- 5 Oh, listen then, Most Pitiful !
 To Thy poor creature's heart ;
 It blesses Thee that Thou art GOD,
 Thou Thou art what Thou art !
- 6 Most ancient of all mysteries !
 Before Thy throne we lie ;
 Have mercy now, Most Merciful,
 Most Holy TRINITY ! Amen.

131

" Our Father which art in Heaven.

MY GOD ! how wonderful Thou art,
 Thy Majesty how bright !
 How beautiful Thy Merey-Seat
 In depths of burning light !

2 How dread are Thine eternal years,
 O everlasting LORD !
 By prostrate spirits day and night
 Incessantly adored !

3 How beautiful, how beautiful,
 The sight of Thee must be,
 Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
 And awful purity !

- 4 Oh, how I fear Thee, living God !
 With deepest, tenderest fears,
 And worship Thee with trembling hope
 And penitential tears.
- 5 Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord !
 Almighty as Thou art,
 For Thou hast stoop'd to ask of me
 The love of my poor heart.
- 6 No earthly father loves like Thee,
 No mother half so mild
 Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,
 With me Thy sinful child.
- 7 Only to sit and think of God,—
 Oh, what a joy it is !
 To think the thought, to breathe the Name,
 Earth has no higher bliss !
- 8 Father of JESUS ! love's Reward,
 What rapture will it be,
 Prostrate before Thy Throne to lie,
 And gaze and gaze on Thee ! Amen.

132

"Who dwelleth in light unapproachable."

ETERNAL Light ! Eternal Light !
 How pure the soul must be,
When, placed within Thy searching sight
 It shrinks not, but, with calm delight
 Can live, and look on Thee !

- 2 The spirits that surround Thy throne,
 May bear the burning bliss ;

But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

- 3 O ! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam ?
- 4 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode :—
An Offering and a Sacrifice,
A Holy SPIRIT's energies,
An Advocate with GOD :—
- 5 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of Holiness above :
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the Eternal Light,
Through the Eternal Love ! Amen.

133

Psalm C.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice :
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

- 2 The LORD ye know is God indeed ;
Without our aid He did us make :
We are His folk, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

- 3 Oh, enter then His gates with praise,
 Approach with joy His courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? the LORD our God is good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure. Amen.

134

Psalm CXLVIII.

PRAISE the LORD ; ye heavens, adore Him ;
 Praise Him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon rejoice before Him ;
 Praise Him, all ye stars and light.
Praise the LORD ; for He hath spoken,
 Worlds His mighty voice obey'd ;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
 For their guidance He hath made.

- 2 Praise the LORD, for he is glorious ;
 Never shall His promise fail ;
God hath made His Saints victorious ;
 Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the GOD of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high, His power proclaim ;
Heaven and earth and all creation,
 Laud and magnify His name. Amen.

135

Psalm CIII.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven ;
 To His feet thy tribute bring :
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,

Who like thee His praise shall sing ?
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise the everlasting King !

2 Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress :

Praise Him, still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless :
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Glorious in His faithfulness !

3 Father-like He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows ;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes :
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Widely as His mercy flows.

4 Angels, help us to adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face !
Sun and moon, bow down before Him !
Dwellers all in time and space,
Praise Him ! praise Him !
Praise with us the God of grace ! Amen.

136

CANTEMVS CVNCTI MELODV.

THE strain npraise of joy and praise, Alleluia !

To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing, Alleluia !

And the Choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky, Alleluia !

They through the fields of Paradise that roam,
The blessed ones, repeat through that bright home,
Alleluia !

The planets glittering on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say, Alleluia !

Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia !

Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring,
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia !

First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia !

Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again Alleluia !

Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Alleluia !

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus,
Alleluia !

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia !
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia !

To GOD, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid, Alleluia !

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the LORD of
all things loves, Alleluia !

This is the song, the heavenly song, that CHRIST
Himself approves, Alleluia !

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice awaking,
Alleluia !

And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia !

Now from all men be outpour'd,
Alleluia to the LORD :
With Alleluia evermore
The SON and SPIRIT we adore.

Praise be done to the THREE in ONE.
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Alleluia ! Amen.

137

"Their voices are heard among them."

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

2 The works of GOD above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How GOD Himself is found.

3 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompass'd, great and small
In peace and order move.

5 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?" Amen.

158

"Come unto Me."

"COME unto Me ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
Oh, blessed voice of JESUS,
Which comes to hearts oppress'd!
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no euing,
Of love which cannot cease.

2 "Come unto Me, dear children,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of JESUS,
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, peaceful voice of JESUS,
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But Thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh,
 I will not cast him out."
Oh, patient voice of JESUS,
 Which drives away our doubt !
Which calls us, very sinners,
 Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
 To come, dear LORD, to Thee. Amen.

159

The voice of JESUS.

- 1 HEARD the voice of JESUS say,
 "Come unto Me, and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down.
 Thy head upon My breast."
I came to JESUS as I was—
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of JESUS say,
 "Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one
 Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to JESUS, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of JESUS say,
 "I am this dark world's Light :
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright."

I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done. Amen.

160

"Follow thou Me."

ART thou weary ? art thou languid ?
Art thou sore distrest ?
"Come to Me," saith One ; "and coming,
Be at rest."

- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide ?
"In His Feet and Hands are Woundprints,
And His Side."
- 3 Is there diadem as Monarch
That His Brow adorns ?
"Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 “Not till earth, and not till Heaven,
 Pass away.”
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is He sure to bless?
 Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
 Answer—Yes !” Amen.

161

JESUS, Refuge of Sinners.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past !
 Safe into the haven guide ;
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, oh leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
 All my help from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name,
I am all unrighteousness ;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make me, keep me, pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

162

“ And that Rock was CHRIST.”

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling !
Naked, come to Thee for dress ;

Helpless, look to Thee for grace :
Foul, I to the fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

- 4 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar through tracts unknown—
See Thee on Thy Judgment-throne ;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let my hide myself in Thee ! Amen.

163

The sinner's return to JESUS

JUST as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O LAMB of GOD, I come.

- 2 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O LAMB of GOD, I come.
- 3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind ;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find—
O LAMB of GOD I come.
- 4 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe—
O LAMB of GOD I come.

- 5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down ;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
 O LAMB of GOD, I come.
- 6 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here for a season, then above—
 O LAMB of GOD, I come. Amen.

164

The Sacrament of Penance.

- WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,
I look at Heav'n and long to enter in ;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me, “Come.”
- 2 So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land ?
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear ?
Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me
near.
- 3 The while I fain would tread the heavenly way,
Evil is ever with me day by day ;
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,
“ Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all.”
- 4 It is the voice of JESUS that I hear,
His are the Hands stretch'd out to draw me near.
And His the Blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

5 'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,
And made me heir of Heav'n, the FATHER's child,
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

6 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the FATHER'S courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

Amen.

165

The consolation of Penance.

WHEN wounded sore the stricken heart,
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a pierc'd Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitential grief has wept
Over some foul dark spot,
One only Stream, a Stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.

4 'Tis JESUS' Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief,
His Heart is tunc'd with all our joys,
And feels for all our grief.

- 5 Lift up Thy bleeding Hand O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing Tide :
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded Side. Amen.

166

The penitent's reward.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?
The blood of JESUS whispers peace within.

- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd ?
To do the will of JESUS, this is rest.
 - 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round ?
On JESUS' bosom nought but calm is found.
 - 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away ?
In JESUS' keeping we are safe and they.
 - 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown ?
JESUS we know, and He is on the throne.
 - 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours ?
JESUS has vanquish'd death and all its powers.
 - 7 It is enough : earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And JESUS call us to Heaven's perfect peace.

167

Forgiveness—an Evening Hymn.

NIGHT'S peaceful shades are falling all around us,
But, ere we sleep, at peace, LORD, would we be;
Pardon the sins, whereby we have offended,
And reconcile our souls, O LORD, to Thee.

2 Pardon our sins; but CHRIST demands us straitly:
“Dost thou forgive thy fellow man this night?”
For none whose soul is filled with pride or anger
Can hope for pardon in GOD’s holy sight.

3 Saviour, Who died forgiving those who slew Thee,
Help us to pardon those who treat us ill;
That, so at peace with man and GOD above us,
We, ‘neath Thy wings, may slumber calm and still. Amen.

168

Self renunciation.

TAKE my life, and let it be
Consecrated, LORD, to Thee;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

2 Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

- 3 Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my KING ;
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
- 4 Take my silver and my gold ;
Not a mite would I withhold :
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.
- 5 Take my will, and make it Thine ;
It shall be no longer mine :
Take my heart : it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.
- 6 Take my love : my LORD I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store :
Take myself ; and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee. Amen.

169

Renewal of Baptismal Vows.

O JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end ;
Be Thou for ever near me,
My Master and my Friend ;
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

- 2 Oh let me feel Thee near me :
The world is ever near ;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear :

My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within :
But, JESUS, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 Oh let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will ;
Oh speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control ;
Oh speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O JESUS, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be ;
And, JESUS, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end !
Oh give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

5 Oh let me see Thy footmarks
And in them plant mine own :
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
Oh guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end ;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend. Amen.

170

The Pillar of Cloud.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home ;
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

- 2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thon
 Shouldst lead me on ;
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.
 Amen.

171

“ Nearer to Thee.”

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee !
E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,--
 Nearer to Thee !

2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone :
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee !

3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
All that Thou send'st to me,
 In mercy given ;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
 Beth-el I'll raise :
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,—
 Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upwards I fly ;
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, —
 Nearer to Thee ! Amen.

172

The Holy Catholic Church,

THE Church's one foundation
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD ;
She is His new creation
 By water and the Word :
From Heaven He came and sought her,
 To be His holy Bride,
With His own Blood he bought her,
 And for her life He died.

- 2 Elect from every nation,
 Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
 One LORD, one Faith, one Birth ;
One Holy Name she blesses,
 Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
 With every grace endued.
- 3 Though with a scornful wonder
 Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
 By heresies distrest :
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
 Their cry goes up, " How long ? "
And soon the night of weeping
 Shall be the morn of song.
- 4 Mid toil and tribulation,
 Mid tumults of her war,
She waits the consummation
 Of peace for evermore ;

Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the THREE in ONE,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won :
Oh happy ones and holy !
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with thee. Amen.

173

Psalm LXXXIV.

PLEASANT are Thy courts above
In the land of light and love ;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe :
Oh, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy Saints,
For the brightness of Thy Face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy Altars, O most High ;
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly FATHER's breast ;
Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

- 3 Happy souls, their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe ;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies ;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy Throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.
- 4 LORD, be mine this prize to win,
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place ;
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart ;
Grace and glory flow from Thee :
Shower, O shower them, LORD, on me. Amen.

174

Psalm XLII.

AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase ;
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

- 2 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God who will employ
His aid for Thee and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
- 3 For Thee my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine ;
Oh when shall I behold Thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine ?

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and Thou shalt sing
The praise of Him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring. Amen.

175

Intercession.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
 To Thy goodness flee ;
When the heavy-laden cast
 All their load on Thee ;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
 On Thy Name shall call ;
When the sinner, seeking life,
 At Thy feet shall fall :
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In Heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

2 When the worldling sick at heart,
 Lifts his soul above ;
When the prodigal looks back
 To his FATHER's love ;
When the proud man, in his pride,
 Stoops to seek Thy face ;
When the burdened brings his guilt
 To Thy throne of grace ;
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In Heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

3 When the stranger asks a home,
 All his toils to end ;
When the hungry craveth food,
 And the poor a friend :

When the sailor on the wave
 Bows the fervent knee ;
When the soldier on the field
 Lifts his heart to Thee :
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In Heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

4 When the man of toil and care
 In the city crowd :
When the shepherd on the moor
 Names the name of God ;
When the learned and the high,
 Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
 Name the blessed Name :
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In Heaven Thy dwelling-place on high.

5 When the child, with grave fresh lip,
 Youth or maiden fair ;
When the aged, weak and grey,
 Seek Thy Face in prayer ;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
 Sad and lone and low ;
When the orphan bring to Thee
 All his orphan woe :
Hear then in love, O LORD, the cry,
In Heaven thy dwelling-place on high.

Amen.

176

Intercession for the Queen.

O KING of Kings, Thy blessing shed
On our anointed sovereign's head ;
And, looking from Thy holy Heaven
Protect the crown Thyselv hast given.

- 2 Her with Thy choicest mercies bless,
 To all her counsels give success ;
 In war, in peace, on Thee we lean,
 Thy strength command, God save the Queen.
- 3 Her may we honour and obey,
 Uphold her right and lawful sway,
 Remembering that the powers that be
 Are ministers ordained of Thee.
- 4 And, Oh ! when earthly thrones decay,
 And earthly kingdoms fade away,
 Grant her a throne in worlds on high,
 A crown of immortality. Amen.

NOTE.—Verse 2 ; or—

In war, in peace, Thy succour bring,
 Thy strength command, God save the King.

177

The children's hymn.

WE are but little children weak,
 Nor born in any high estate ;
 What can we do for JESU's sake,
 Who is so high, and good, and great ?

- 2 Oh, day by day each Christian child
 Has much to do, without, within ;
 A death to die for JESU's sake,
 A weary war to wage with sin.
- 3 When deep within our swelling hearts
 The thoughts of pride and anger rise ;
 When bitter words are on our tongues,
 And tears of passion in our eyes :

- 4 Then we may stay the angry blow,
Then we may check the hasty word ;
Give gentle answers back again,
And fight a battle for our LORD.
- 5 With smiles of peace and looks of love,
Light in our dwellings we may make ;
Bid kind good humour brighten there—
And still do all for JESU's sake.
- 6 There's not a child so small and weak
But has his little cross to take,
His little work of love and praise
That he may do for JESU's sake. Amen.

178

Children at Calvary.

THERE is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear LORD was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffer'd there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to Heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of Heaven, and let us in.

5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

179

The children's evening hymn.

NOW the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 JESU, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose ;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee ;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain ;
Those who plan some evil,
From their sin restrain.

5 Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

6 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy Holy Eyes.

7 Glory to the FATHER,
Glory to the SON,
And to Thee, Blest SPIRIT,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

180

Than'sgiving for the harvest.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
The good seed on the land ;
But it is fed and watered
By God's almighty hand :
He sends the snow in winter,
The warmth to swell the grain ;
The breezes, and the sunshine,
And soft refreshing rain.

*All good gifts around us
Are sent from Heaven above :
Then thank the Lord, oh thank the
Lord, for all His love ! [Lord,*

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far :
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star :
The winds and waves obey Him,
By Him the birds are fed :
Much more to us, His children,
He gives our daily bread.

3 We thank Thee then, O FATHER,
For all things bright and good :
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food.

Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts ;
And—what Thou most desirest—
Our humble, thankful hearts. Amen.

181

Seed-time and Harvest.

THE sower went forth sowing,
The seed in secret slept
Through weeks of faith and patience,
Till out the green blade crept ;
And warm'd by golden sunshine,
And fed by silver rain,
At last the fields were whiten'd
To harvest once again.
O praise the Heavenly Sower,
Who gave the fruitful seed,
And watch'd and water'd duly,
And ripen'd for our need.

2 Behold ! the Heavenly Sower
Goes forth with better seed,
The Word of sure salvation,
With Feet and Hands that bleed :
Here in His Church 'tis scatter'd,
Our spirits are the soil :
Then let an ample fruitage
Repay His pain and toil.
Oh, beauteous is the harvest
Wherein all goodness thrives,
And this the true thanksgiving,
The first-fruits of our lives.

3 Within a hallow'd acre
 He sows yet other grain,
When peaceful earth receiveth
 The dead He died to gain ;
For though the growth be hidden.
 We know that they shall rise :
Yea even now they ripen
 In sunny Paradise.
O summer land of harvest,
 O fields for ever white
With souls that wear CHRIST's raiment,
 With crowns of golden light !

4 One day the heavenly Sower
 Shall reap where He hath sown,
And come again rejoicing,
 And with Him bring His own ;
And then the fan of judgment
 Shall winnow from His floor
The chaff into the furnace
 That flameth evermore.
O holy, awful Reaper,
 Have mercy in the day
Thou puttest in Thy sickle,
 And cast us not away. Amen.

182

Pilgrims of JESUS.

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
 If onward ye will tread
With JESUS as your Fellow
 To JESUS as your Head !

- 2 O happy if ye'labour
As JESUS did for men :
O happy if ye hunger
As JESUS hunger'd then !
- 3 The Cross that JESUS carried,
He carried as your due :
The Crown that JESUS weareth
He weareth it for you.
- 4 The faith by which ye see Him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all trouble
To Him alone will turn—
- 5 What are they but fore-runners
To lead you to His sight ?
What are they save the effluence
Of uncreated light ?
- 6 The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That death alone can cure—
- 7 What are they but His jewels
Of right celestial worth ?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to Heav'n on earth ?
- 8 O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize. Amen.

183

Watch and pray.

“ CHRISTIAN ! seek not yet repose,”
Hear thy guardian Angel say ;
Thou art in the midst of foes ;
“ Watch and pray.”

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours ;
“ Watch and pray.”

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day ;
Ambush'd lies the evil one :
“ Watch and pray.”

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame ;
Still they mark each warrior's way ;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
“ Watch and pray.”

5 Hear, above all, hear thy LORD,
Him thou lovest to obey ;
Hide within thy heart His Word,
“ Watch and pray.”

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day ;
Pray, that help may be sent down ;
“ Watch and pray.” Amen.

184

Put on the whole armour of GOD.

SOLDIERS of CHRIST ! arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies
Through His eternal SON :

2 Strong in the LORD of hosts,
And in His mighty power :
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts
Is more than conqueror !

3 Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of GOD.

4 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul :
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.

5 To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

4 From strength to strength go on.
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day. Amen.

185

IGJENNEM NAT OG TRAENGEL.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow

Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.

- 2 Clear before us through the darkness
Gleams and burns the guiding Light ;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night.
- 3 One the Light of God's dear Presence
O'er His ransomed people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread :
- 4 One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires :
- 5 One the strain that lips of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one ;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun :
- 6 One the gladness of rejoicing
On the far eternal shore,
Where the One Almighty FATHER,
Reigns in love for evermore.
- 7 Onward therefore, pilgrim brothers,
Onward with the Cross our aid !
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,
Till we rest beneath its shade.

8 Soon shall come the great awaking,
 Soon the rending of the tomb ;
Then the scattering of all shadows,
 And the end of toil and gloom. Amen.

186

STAND up ! stand up for JESUS !
 Ye soldiers of the Cross ;
Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
 His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
 And CHRIST is LORD indeed.

2 Stand up ! stand up for JESUS !
 The trumpet call obey :
Forth to the mighty conflict
 In this His glorious day !
Ye that are men, now serve Him
 Against unnumbered foes ;
Let courage rise with danger,
 And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up ! stand up for JESUS !
 Stand in His strength alone :
The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own :
Put on the gospel armour,
 And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
 Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up ! stand up for JESUS !
The strife will not be long ;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song ;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be ;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

187

The Sign of the Son of Man

HAIL the Sign, the Sign of JESUS,
Bright and royal Tree,
Standard of the monarch, planted
First on Calvary.

*Hail the Sign all signs excelling,
Hail the Sign all ills dispelling,
Hail the Sign hell's power quelling,
Cross of Christ, all hail !*

2 Sign to Martyrs strength and refuge,
Signs to Saints so dear !
Sign of evil men abhorred,
Sign which devils fear !
Hail the Sign, &c.

3 Lo, the Cross of CHRIST my master
On my brow I trace ;
May it keep my mind unsullied,
Doubt and fear displace,
Hail the Sign, &c.

4 Lo, upon my lips I mark it.
Sign of JESUS slain !
Christian lips should never utter
Words impure or vain.
Hail the Sign, &c.

5 Lo, I sign the Cross of JESUS,
Meekly on my breast :
May it guide my heart when living,
Dying be its rest.
Hail the Sign, &c.

6 In the Name of GOD the FATHER,
Name of GOD the SON,
Name of GOD the Blessed SPIRIT,
Ever THREE in ONE.
Hail the Sign, &c. Amen.

188

ONWARD ! Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of JESUS
Going on before,
CHRIST the Royal Master
Leads against the foe ;
Forward into battle,
See, His banners go !

Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of JESUS
Going on before.

- 2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee ;
On then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory.
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise ;
Brother's lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.
Onward &c.
- 3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of GOD ;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the Saints have trod ;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.
Onward &c.
- 4 What the Saints established
That I hold for true,
What the Saints believèd
That believe I too.
Long as earth endureth
Men that faith will hold,—
Kingdoms, Nations, Empires,
In destruction rolled.
Onward &c.
- 5 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of JESUS
Constant will remain ;

Gates of hell can never
Gainst that Church prevail ;
We have CHRIST's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward &c.

- 6 Onward, then ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song ;
Glory, land, and honour
Unto CHRIST the King,
This through countless ages
Men and Angels sing.

Onward, &c. Amen.

189

"Arise ye, this is not your rest."

RISE ! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on ;
The others have buckled their armour,
And forth to the fight have gone :
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play ;
The Past and the Future are nothing,
In the face of the stern To-day.

- 2 Rise from your dreams of the Future—
Of gaining some hard-fought field ;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield ;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour—GOD grant it may—
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

- 3 Rise ! if the Past detains you,
 Her sunshine and storms forget ;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
 As those of a vain regret :
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
 Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
 Of a nobler strife To-day.
- 4 Rise ! for the day is passing ;
 The sound that you scarcely hear
Is the enemy marching to battle—
 Arise ! for the foe is here !
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
 Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
 You may wake to find it past ! Amen.

190

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

WHO calleth ? Thy FATHER calleth,
 Run, O Daughter, to wait on Him :
He Who chasteneth but for a season,
 Trims thy lamp that it burn not dim.

- 2 Who calleth ? Thy Master calleth,
 Sit, Disciple, and learn of Him :
He Who teacheth wisdom of angels
 Makes thee wise as the Cherubim.
- 3 Who calleth ? Thy Monarch calleth,
 Rise, O Subject, and follow Him :
He is stronger than Death or Devil,
 Fear thou not if the foe be grim.

- 4 Who calleth ? Thy LORD God calleth,
 Fall, O Creature, adoring Him :
 He is jealous, thy God Almighty,
 Count not dear to thee life or limb.
- 5 Who calleth ? Thy Bridegroom calleth,
 Soar, O Bride, with the Seraphim :
 He Who loves thee as no man loveth,
 Bids thee give up thy heart to Him. Amen.

191

"Truly Thou art our Father."

SOULS of men ! why will ye scatter
 Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
 Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
 From a love so true and deep ?

2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
 Half so gentle, half so sweet
 As the Saviour who would have us
 Come and gather round His feet ?

3 It is GOD : His love looks mighty,
 But is mightier than it seems ;
 'Tis our FATHER : and His fondness
 Goes far out beyond our dreams.

4 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea :
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

5 There is no place where earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in Heaven :
 There is no place where earth's failings
 Have such kindly judgment given.

- 6 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
 There is healing in His Blood.
- 7 There is grace enough for thousands
 Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
 In that upper Home of bliss.
- 8 For the Love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the Heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.
- 9 [But we make His love too narrow
 By false limits of our own ,
And we magnify His strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.
- 10 There is plentiful redemption
 In the Blood that has been shed :
There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.
- 11 'Tis not all we owe to JESUS ;
 It is something more than all ;
Greater good because of evil,
 Larger mercy through the fall.]
- 12 Pining souls ! come nearer JESUS,
 And, oh ! come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
 His huge tenderness for us.

13 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our LORD. Amen.

192

Thy will be done !

MY God, my FATHER, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,—
 Thy will be done !

2 If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize,—it neer was mine :
I only yield Thee what was Thine ;
 Thy will be done !

3 E'en if again I ne'er should see
The friend more dear than life to me,
Ere long we both shall be with Thee ;
 Thy will be done !

4 If but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet SPIRIT for its guest,
My GOD, to Thee I leave the rest ;
 Thy will be done !

5 Renew my will from day to day ;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
 Thy will be done !

6 Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,—
 Thy will be done ! Amen.

193

The shortness of time.

DAYs and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead ;
Soon will you and I be lying
Each within our narrow bed.

- 2 Soon our souls to God who gave them,
Will have sped their rapid flight ;
Able now by grace to save them,
Oh, that while we can we might !
- 3 JESU, Infinite Redeemer,
Maker of this mortal frame,
Teach, oh, teach us to remember
What we are and whence we came ;
- 4 Whence we came, and whether wending
Soon we must through darkness go,
To inherit bliss unending,
Or eternity of woe.
- 5 Life passeth soon : Death draweth near ;
Keep us good LORD, till Thou appear :
For Thee to live, in Thee to die,
With Thee to reign through eternity.
Amen.

194

In the hour of death.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

- 2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear ;
JESU Son of Mary hear.
- 3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls,
When our final doom is near,
JESU, Son of Mary hear.
- 4 Thou hast bow'd the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier ;
JESU, Son of Mary hear.
- 5 When the heart is sad within
When the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
JESU, Son of Mary hear.
- 6 Thou the shame, the grief, has known,
Though the sins were not Thine own ;
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear ;
JESU, Son of Mary, hear. Amen,

195

The Judgment of the Great Day.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my LORD, prepare
My soul for that great day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

- 2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that bright day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.
- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that calm day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er.
A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that blest day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away.
- 5 'Tis but a little while
 And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
 That we with Him may reign :
 Then, O my LORD, prepare
 My soul for that glad day ;
Oh wash me in Thy precious Blood,
 And take my sins away. Amen.

196

"Till the day break and the shadows flee away."

SLEEP on, belovéd, sleep, and take thy rest ;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's breast :
We love thee well ; but JESUS loves thee best—
 Good-night ! Good-night ! Good-night !

- 2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep ;
 But thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep ;
 Thine is a perfect rest, secure, and deep—
 Good-night !
- 3 Until the Easter glory lights the skies :
 Until the dead in JESUS shall arise,
 And he shall come ; but not in lowly guise—
 Good-night !
- 4 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
 Thou in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
 And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
 Good-night !
- 5 Until we meet again before His throne,
 Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His own,
 Until we know even as we are known—
 Good-night ! Amen.

197

Friends gone before.

OH, it is sweet to think
 Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink
 To silence tender-hearted ;

While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
In hearts that love is filling.

- 2 Yet not as in the days
 Of earthly ties we love them ;
For they are touched with rays
 From light that is above them ;
Another sweetness shines
 Around their well-known features ;
God, with His glory signs
 His dearly ransomed creatures.

- 3 Yes ! they are more our own,
 Since now they are God's only ;
And each one that has gone
 Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
 Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
 In their dear LORD's caresses.

- 4 Dear dead ! they have become
 Like guardian angels to us ;
And distant heaven like home,
 Through them begins to woo us.
Love, that was earthly, wings
 Its flight to holier places ;
The dead are sacred things,
 That multiply our graces. Amen.

198

The Resurrection.

ON the Resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again ;
No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

2 Here awhile they must be parted ;
And the flesh its Sabbath keep—
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapped in sleep.

3 For a while the tirèd body
Lies with feet toward the morn :
Till the last and brightest Easter
Day be born.

4 Soul and body, reuniting,
Thenceforth nothing shall divide :
Waking up in CHRIST's own likeness,
Satisfied.

5 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore :
Father, sister, child, and mother,
Meet once more.

6 To that brightest of all meetings
Bring us, JESUS CHRIST, at last ;
By Thy Cross, through death and judgement
Holding fast. Amen.

199

The Resurrection of the Dead.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd Sainsts
Throng up the steeps of light ;
'Tis finish'd, all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin :
Fling open wide the golden gates,
And let the victors in.

2 What rush of Alleluias

Fills all the earth and sky ;
What ringing of a thonsand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
Oh day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made ;
Oh joy, for all its former woes
A thonsand-fold repaid !

3 Oh then what raptured greetings

On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships up
Where partings are no more !
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late ;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

3 Bring near Thy great Salvation,

Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign :

Appear, Desire of nations,
Thine exiles long for home ;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign :
Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.

200

"For ever with the Lord."

"FOR ever with the LORD!"
Amen ; so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

- 2 My FATHER's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear !
Ah ! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.
- 3 "For ever with the LORD!"
FATHER, if 'tis Thy Will
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail ;
Uphold Thou me and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

- 4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
“For ever with the LORD !”
- 5 The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And Heaven’s voice thunder through the tomb,
“For ever with the LORD !”
That resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,—“For ever with the LORD !”
Amen, so let it be. Amen.

201

The Paradise of God.

O PARADISE, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest ?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest ?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God’s most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old ;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold ?
Where loyal hearts, &c.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 'Tis weary waiting here ;
I long to be where JESUS is,
 To feel, to see Him near ;
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

4 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I want to sin no more.
I want to be as pure on earth
 As on Thy spotless shore ;
 Where loyal hearts, &c.

5 O Paradise, O Paradise,
 I feel 'twill not be long ;
Patience ! I almost think I hear
 Faint fragments of Thy song :
 Where loyal hearts, &c. Amen.

202

O QVAVTA QVALIA.

O WHAT their joy and their glory must be—
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see !
Crowns for the valiant, to weary ones rest ;
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

2 What are the Monarch, His Court, and His
Throne ?

What are the peace and the joy that they own ?
Tell us ye blest ones, that in it have share,
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

3 Truly Jerusalem name we that shore,
Vision of peace, that brings joy evermore ;
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the
prayer.

- 4 We, where no troubles distraction can bring,
 Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing,
 While for Thy grace, Lord, their voices of praise
 Thy blessed people eternally raise.
- 5 There dawns no Sabbath, no Sabbath is o'er,
 Those Sabbath-keepers have one and no more :
 One and unending is that triumph-song
 Which to the angels and us shall belong.
- 6 Now in the meanwhile with hearts raised on
 high,
 We for that country must yearn and must sigh ;
 Seeking Jernusalem, dear native land,
 Thro' our long exile on Babylon's strand.
- 7 Low before him with our praises we fall,
 Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom
 are all :
 Of Whom, the FATHER ; and in whom, the SON ;
 Through Whom, the SPIRIT, with Them ever ONE.
 Amen.

203

HIC BREVE VIVITVR.

PART I.

BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care :
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life, is *there*.
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest !

- 2 And now we fight the battle,
 But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
 And passionless renown.
And now we watch and struggle,
 And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
 With Babylon must cope :
- 3 But He Whom now we trust in
 Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
 Shall have Him for their own.
There JESUS shall embrace us,
 There JESUS be embraced—
That spirit's food and sunshine
 Whence earthly love is chased.
- 4 The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day :
Yes ! God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold for ever,
 And worship face to face.

PART II.

O BONA PATRIA.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country,
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;
For very love, beholding
 Thy happy name, they weep.

The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O onely mansion !
O Paradise of joy !
Where tears are ever banish'd,
And smiles have no alloy ;
The Cross is all Thy splendour ;
The Crucified thy praise ;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransom'd people raise.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,
Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays ;
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced ;
The Saints build up thy fabric,
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.

4 Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !
Thou hast no time, bright day !
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away !
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower ;
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower.

JERUSALEM the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.
I know not, oh, I know not
What soeial joys are there ;
What radianey of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand those halls of Syon,
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the Martyr throng ;
The Prince is ever in them,
The light is aye serene :
The pastures of the blessed
Are deck'd in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David ;
And there, from eare released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast ;
And they, beneath their Leader,
Who conquer'd in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

4 And there the band of Prophets
United praise aseribes ;
And there the twelve-fold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes ;

And there the Virgin's offspring
Is LORD in regal state ;
He, Jndah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.

AFTER EACH PART.

O sweet and blessèd country,
The home of GOD's elect !
O sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect !
JESU, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest ;
Who art, with GOD the FATHER
And SPIRIT, ever Blest. Amen.

204

"Behold, the half was not told."

HIERUSALEM ! my happy home !
When shall I come to Thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

- 2 Thy Saints are crowned with glory great ;
They see GOD face to face,
They triumph still—they still rejoice ;
Most happy is their case.
- 3 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring ;
There evermore the Angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

- 4 There David stands with harp in hands,
As master of the choir;
Ten thousand times that man were blest,
That might his music hear !
- 5 Our Lady sings *Magnificat*
With tones surpassing sweet,
And all the Virgins bear their part,
Sitting about her feet.
- 6 *Te Deum* doth St. Ambrose sing,
Saint Austin doth the like ;
Old Simeon and Zachary
Have not their songs to seek,
- 7 There Magdalene hath left her moan,
And cheerfully doth sing,
With Blessed Saints whose harmony
In every street doth ring.
- 8 Hierusalem ! my happy home !
Would God I were in thee,
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see ! Amen.

205

Heaven.

OH what is this splendour that beams on me
now,
This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my soul,
While faint and far off land and sea lie below,
And under my feet the huge golden clouds
roll ?

- 2 See ! forth from the gates, like a bridal array,
 Come the princes of heaven, how bravely they
 shine !
'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the
 way,
 And to tell me that all I see round me is mine.
- 3 There are millions of saints, in their ranks and
 degrees,
 And each with a beauty and crown of his own ;
And there far outnumbering the sands of the
 seas,
 The nine rings of Angels encircle the throne.
- 4 And far in the heart of that glorious light
 The mighty Apostles are seated in state,
 With Joseph and John, who in life's mortal night
 Were appointed on JESUS and Mary to wait.
- 5 And, still deeper in, Mary's splendour is seen,
 Her beautiful self and her choicer starry crown ;
 And all Heaven grows bright in the smile of its
 Queen,
 For the glory of JESUS illumines her throne.
- 6 And oh if the exiles of earth could but win
 One sight of the beauty of JESUS above,
 From that hour they would cease to be able to sin,
 And earth would be Heaven ; for Heaven is
 love. Amen.

*ADDITIONAL HYMNS FOR THE
SEASONS.*

206

EPIPHANY.

AS with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold :
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright :
So, most gracious LORD may we
Evermore be led to Thee !

- 2 As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to Thy lowly bed ;
There to bend the knee before
Thee, whom Heaven and earth adore :
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

- 3 As they offered gifts most rare
At Thy cradle, rude and bare :
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
CHRIST to Thee our heavenly KING.

4 Holy JESUS every day
Keep us in the narrow way ;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls, at last,
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

5 In the heavenly country bright
Need they no created light ;
Thou its light, its joy, its crown,
Thou its sun which goes not down,
There for ever may we sing
Hallelujahs to our KING. Amen !

207

PASSION-TIDE.

PART I. PANGE LIVGVA GLOIOSI.

SING, my tongue, the Saviour's contest,
Tell His triumph far and wide ;
Spread abroad the wondrous story
Of His Body crucified ;
How, upon the Cross, a Victim,
Conqueror in death, He died.

2 Eating of the tree forbidden,
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,
When his pitying Creator
Did this second Tree prepare,
Destined in the after ages,
That tree's ruin to repair.

- 3 Thus the scheme of our Salvation
 Was, of old, in order laid ;
 Thus the wily arts were baffled
 Of the foe, who man betrayed,
 And the weapon of the foeman
 Was the rod of healing made.
- 4 Therefore, when the sacred fulness
 Of the appointed time drew nigh,
 God the SON, the world's CREATOR,
 Left His FATHER'S Throne on high,
 And came forth a Virgin's Offspring,
 Clothed in our humanity.
- 5 Cradled in a lowly manger,
 Lo ! a tender Babe He lies ;
 See ! His gentle Virgin Mother
 Lulls to sleep His infant cries,
 While the limbs of Heavn's high Monarch
 Round with swathing bands she ties.

PART II.

LVSTRA SEX.

NOW the thirty years accomplished,
 Which, on earth, He willed to see,
 Born for this, He meets His Passion,
 Gives Himself, an Off'ring free ;
 On the Cross the LAMB is lifted,
 There the Sacrifice to be.

2 Lo, the bitter gall He tasteth !
 See the thorns upon his head !
 Nails His tender Flesh are rending !
 See ! His Side is opened !
 Cleansing earth and all creation.
 Blood and Water thence are shed.

- 3 Faithful Cross ! in all earth's forests
 One and only noble Tree !
No such fruit, or leaf, or blossom,
 We in all the world can see ;
Sweetest wood, and sweetest iron,
 Sweetest Weight is hung on thee.
- 4 Bow thy branches, Tree of glory,
 Thy relaxing sinews bend,
And awhile the wonted hardness,
 That thy birth bestowed, suspend,
And the KING of Heav'nly beauty
 Gently on thy bosom tend !
- 5 Thou alone wast counted worthy
 This world's Ransom to sustain,
That a shipwrecked race, in safety,
 Might an Ark of refuge gain,
With the sacred Blood anointed
 Of the LAMB for sinners slain.

AFTER EACH PART.

To the TRINITY be glory
 Everlasting, as is meet ;
Equal glory to the FATHER,
 To the SON, and PARACLETE ;
Heav'n, and earth, and all creation
 Their eternal praise repeat. Amen.

208

The Cross of CHRIST.

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His Blood.
- 3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson like a robe,
Spreads o'er His Body on the tree ;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all ! Amen.

209

The Refuge of the Cross.

BENEATH the Cross of JESUS
I fain would take my stand —
The shadow of a mighty rock
Within a weary land.
A home within the wilderness,
A rest npon the way,
From the burning of the noon-day heat,
And the burden of the day.

- 2 Oh safe and happy shelter !
O refuge tried and sweet !
O trysting-place, where Heaven's love,
And Heaven's justice meet !

As to the Holy Patriarch
That wondrous dream was given,
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me
A ladder up to Heaven.

- 3 There lies beneath its shadow,
 But on the farther side,
The darkness of an awful grave
 That gapes both deep and wide ;
And there between us stands the Cross,
 Two arms outstretched to save,
Like a watchman set to guard the way,
 From that eternal grave.
- 4 Upon the Cross of JESUS,
 Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
 Who suffered there for me ;
And from my smitten heart with tears,
 Two wonders I confess—
The wonder of His glorious love,
 And my own worthlessness.
- 5 I take, O Cross, thy shadow
 For my abiding place ;
I ask no other sunshine than
 The sunshine of His face ;
Content to let the world go by,
 To know no gain nor loss—
My sinful self my only shame,
 My glory all the Cross. Amen.

MISSION HYMNS.

210

“The Old, Old Story.

TELL me the Old, Old Story
 Of unseen things above,
Of JESUS and His glory,
 Of JESUS and His love.
Tell me the Story simply,
 As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

*Tell me the Old, Old Story !
Tell me the Old, Old Story !
Tell me the Old, Old Story !
 Of Jesus and His love !*

2 Tell me the Story slowly,
 That I may take it in—
That wonderful redemption,
 God’s remedy for sin.
Tell me the Story often,
 For I forget so soon :
The “early dew” of morning
 Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the Story softly,
With earnest tones and grave ;
Remember ! I'm the sinner
Whom JESUS came to save.
Tell me the Story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same Old Story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when *that* world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the Old, Old Story :
“CHRIST JESUS makes thee whole.” Amen.

211

Sinners called to CHRIST.

OH, come to the merciful Saviour who calls you,
Oh, come to the LORD who forgives and
forgets ;
Though dark be the fortune on earth that befals
you.
There's a bright home above where the sun
never sets.

2 Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows
brighter
The longer you look at the depth of His love ;
And fear not ! 'tis JESUS ! and life's cares grow
lighter
As you think of the home and the glory above.

- 3 Have you sinned as none else in the world have
before you ?
Are you blacker than all other creatures in
guilt ?
Oh, fear not ! Oh, fear not ! the mother that bore
you
Loves you less than the Saviour whose Blood
you have spilt !
- 4 Oh, come, then, to JESUS, and say how you love
him,
And swear at His feet you will keep in His
grace ;
For one tear that's shed by a sinner can move
Him,
And your sins will drop off in His tender
embrace.
- 5 Come, come to His feet, and lay open your story
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of shame ;
For the pardon of sin is the crown of His glory,
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His
Name. Amen.

212

The good fight

ARE you ready, Christian brothers, are you
waiting for the call ?
That may come at any moment, and claim you
all for all.
CHRIST the Master, man the servant—I am
humbly waiting here,
Hoping I am ever ready, without cavil, without
fear.

*For ever and for ever we will join the joyous
crew,
That's marching 'neath the banner that Christ
unfurled for you.
For ever and for ever, we'll join in heavenly song,
And proclaim our Master's triumph, whilst we
tarry here too long.*

- 2 Let me join the Angels' chorus, which is ringing
down to earth,
And humbly thank our Saviour for redemption
by His birth ;
And Mary, JESU's mother, you bore Him for
mankind ;
Help, Help us Heavenly FATHER, we are helpless,
almost blind.

For ever and for ever, &c.

- 3 Our Saviour bore His martyrdom, His glorious
crown of thorns,
His agony on earth below that Heavenly life
adorns ;
If JESUS our Redeemer, could save us by such
woe :
Surely you can bear your trials, and face an
earthly foe.

For ever and for ever, &c.

- 4 Our troubles are but trifling to the trials our
LORD endured,
Our temptations can be conquered, eternity
ensured.

Love your neighbour, help your brethren, do
your duty when you're called ;
JESUS loved us, He will help you, though His
thirst by man be galled.

For ever and for ever, &c.

- 5 Though my sins are very grievous, and my life
can be but short,
I'll take to heart the lesson that JESUS ever
taught.
CHRIST Crucified can save us, for me He'll
intercede,
If I worship with devotion my GOD in act and
deed.

For ever and for ever, &c. Amen.

213

"All things are ready : come."

COME to the Saviour, make no delay ;
Here in His Word He has shown us the way ;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, " Come ! "

*Joyful, joyful, will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure and free ;
And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee,
In our eternal home.*

- 2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice !
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice ;
And let us freely make Him our choice ;
Do not delay, but come.

3 Think once again, He's with us to-day ;
Heed now His blest command, and obey ;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
“ Will you, My children, come ? ” Amen.

214

“ Fight the good fight.”

FIGHT the good fight with all thy might,
CHRIST is thy Strength, and CHRIST thy Right ;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His Face ;
Life with its way before us lies,
CHRIST is the path, and CHRIST the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide :
His boundless mercy will provide ;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
CHRIST is its life, and CHRIST its love.

4 Faint not nor fear, His Arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear ;
Only believe, and Thou shalt see
That CHRIST is all in all to thee. Amen.

215

Intercession for the sinner.

I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear loving Saviour, though earth friends
be few,
And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh that my Saviour were your Saviour
too !

*For you I am praying, for you I am praying,
For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.*

3 I have a FATHER : to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true ;
And soon He will call me to meet Him in
Heaven ;
But oh, may He lead you to go with me too !

3 I have a peace : it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never
knew ;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver :
And oh, could I know it was given to you !

4 When JESUS has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too ;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to
glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered
for you ! Amen.

216

The Blessed Name.

THERE is no Name so sweet on earth,
 No Name so dear in Heaven,
As that before His wondrous birth
 To CHRIST the Saviour given.

*Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung :
Jesus, blessed Jesus !*

- 2 Saint Gabriel first did it proclaim
 To His most blessed Mother,
That Name which now and evermore
 We praise above all other.
- 3 And when He hung upon the Cross,
 They wrote His Name above Him,
That all might see the reason we
 For evermore must love Him.
- 4 So now upon His FATHER's throne,
 Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, He ever reigns
 The Prince and Saviour JESUS.
- 5 O JESU, by that matchless Name,
 Thy grace still fail us never ;
To-day as yesterday the same,
 Thou art the same for ever. Amen.

217

The precious Blood.

THERE is a fountain filled with Blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

*I do believē, I will believē,
That Jesus died for me ;
That on the Cross He shed His Blood,
From sin to set me free.*

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day :
And there may I, as vile as He,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious Blood
Shall never lose its power.
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing Wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
- 6 LORD, I believe Thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a Blood-bought, free reward,
A golden harp for me. Amen.

218

"I stand at the door and knock."

KNOCKING ! knocking ! who is there ?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair ;
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before :
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder
Wilt thou not undo the door ?

2 Knocking ! knocking ! still He's there ;
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair :
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking ! knocking ! what, still there !
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair !
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour waiting there. Amen.

219

The Good Shepherd.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold ;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

- 2 "LORD, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer : "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me ;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find My sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed ;
Nor how dark was the night that the LORD
passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick, and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "LORD, whence are those blood-drops all the way,
That mark out the mountain's track ?
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"LORD, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn ?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn"
- 5 But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a cry to the gate of Heaven,
"Rejoice ! I have found my sheep !"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the LORD brings back His own!"
Amen.

220

"Bringing His sheaves with Him."

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds of kind-
ness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves ;

Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves !

*Bringing in the sheaves !
Bringing in the sheares !
We shall come rejoicing,
Bringing in the sheaves !*

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
breeze ;
By-and-by the harvest, and the labour ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves !
- 3 Go then ever, weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often
grieves :
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves ! Amen.

221

"He maketh the storm to cease."

"MASTER, the tempest is raging !
The billows are tossing high !
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh.
Carest Thou not that we perish ?
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threatening
A grave in the angry deep ?"

*"The winds and the waves shall obey my will !
Peace ! . . . be still ! . . .
Whether the wrath of the storm-tost sea,
Or demons, or men, or whaterer it be,
No waters can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean, and earth, and skies.
They all shall sweetly obey My will ;
Peace ! be still ! Peace ! be still !
They all shall sweetly obey my will :
Peace ! Peace ! be still !*

- 2 Master, with anguish of spirit,
I bow in my grief to-day !
The depths of my sad heart are troubled ;
 Oh, waken and save, I pray ;
Torrents of sin and of anguish
 Sweep o'er my sinking soul ;
And I perish ! I perish ! dear Master :
 Oh, hasten, and take control !
- 3 Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest ;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
 And Heaven's within my breast ;
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
 Leave me alone no more ;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,
 And rest on the blissful shore. Amen.

222

Let your light so shine.

BRIGHTLY beams our FATHER'S mercy
From His lighthouse evermore ;

But to us He gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

*Let the lower lights be burning !
Send a gleam across the wave !
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue you may save,*

- 2 Dark the night of sin has settled,
Loud the angry billows roar ;
Eager eyes are watching, longing,
For the lights along the shore.
- 3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother ;
Some poor seaman, tempest tossed,
Trying now to make the harbour,
In the darkness *may be lost.* Amen.

223

The life-boat.

LIGHT in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand !
See o'er the foaming billows fair Haven's land.
Drear was the voyage, sailor, now almost o'er ;
Safe within the life-boat, sailor, pull for the
shore !

*Pull for the shore sailor ; pull for the shore !
Heed not the rolling waves but bend to the oar ;
Safe in the life-boat sailor cling to self no more ;
Leave the poor old stranded wreck and pull for
the shore !*

- 2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail ;
Stronger the surges dash and fierer the gale ;
Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they
roar ;

Watch the “ Bright and Morning Star,” and pull
for the shore !

- 3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor ; uplift the eye :
Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh !
Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore—
“ Glory, glory, alleluia ! ” Pull for the shore !

Amen.

224

“ Put on the whole armour of God.”

LO ! the day of God is breaking ;
See the gleaming from afar !
Sons of earth, from slumber waking,
Hail the Bright and Morning Star !

*Hear the call ! Oh, gird your armour on,
Grasp the Spirit's mighty Sword,
Take the Helmet of Salvation,
Pressing on to battle for the Lord !*

- 2 Trust in Him, who is your Captain,
Let no heart in terror quail ;
JESUS leads the gathering legions,
In His Name we shall prevail.

- 3 Onward marching, firm and steady,
Faint not, fear not Satan's frown ;
For the LORD is with you alway,
Till you wear the victor's crown.

- 4 Conquering hosts with banners waving,
Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,
Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem,
“ CHRIST o'er all the world doth reign ! ”

Amen.

225

This is the victory.

MARCH to the battle-field !
March on with sword and shield !
March on ! the foe shall yield
 To CHRIST our King.

Onward ! ye faithful band,
Onward ! at His command,
Onward ! nor halting stand,
 But londly sing.

“ *This is the victory,*” “ *this is the victory,*”
“ *This is the victory,*” *we sing by the way;*
 This is the victory, this is the victory,,
 This is the victory : and Faith gains the day.

2 Stand firm against thy foes ;
Stand though a host oppose ;
Stand ! well our Leader knows
 Our conflicts all.

“ Fear not ” He says to thee,
Fear not, but valiant be !
Fear not, but trust in me !
 The foe *must fall.*”

3 Fight, though thy foes increase ;
Fight, till the dawn of peace ;
Fight, till the war shall cease :
 Then shout and sing.

Shout then triumphantly,
Shout, shout the victory ;
Shout, “ Glory be to Thee,
 O LORD our King ! ” Amen.

226

The great day of the LORD.

SOUND the alarm ! let the watchman ery—
“ Up for the day of the LORD is nigh ; ”
Who will escape from the wrath to come ?—
Who have a place in the soul’s bright home ?

*Sound the alarm, watchman ! sound the alarm !
For the Lord will come with a conqu’ring arm ;
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance,
Shall wither and fall at his glance.*

- 2 Sound the alarm ! let the ery go forth,
Swift as the wind, o’er the realms of earth—
“ Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide !
Flee to the Rock : in its cleft abide ! ”
- 3 Sound the alarm on the mountain’s brow !
Plead with the lost by the wayside now ;
Warn them to come and the truth embrace ;
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.
- 4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear,
Sound it aloud that the old may hear !
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last,
Blow ye the trump till the light is past !

Amen.

227

The Holy War.

SOUND the battle cry !
See ; the foe is nigh ;
Raise the standard high
For the LORD !

Gird your armour on,
Stand firm every one,
Rest your cause upon
His Holy Word !

*Rouse then, soldiers ! rally round the banner !
Ready, steady, pass the word along ;
Onward ! onward ! shout aloud Hosanna !
Christ is Captain of the mighty throng !*

- 2 Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail !
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light,
Battling for the right,
We ne'er can fail !
- 3 O Thou God of all,
Hear us when we call ;
Help us one and all,
By Thy grace ;
When the battle's done,
And the victory won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face ! Amen.

228

Daniel's Band.

STANDING by a purpose true,
Heeding God's command,
Honour them, the faithful few !
All hail to Daniel's Band !

*Dare to be a Daniel! Dare to stand alone!
Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!*

- 2 Many mighty men are lost,
 Daring not to stand,
 Who for God had been a host,
 By joining Daniel's Band.
- 3 Many giants, great and tall,
 Stalking through the land,
 Headlong to the earth would fall,
 If met by Daniel's Band !
- 4 Hold the gospel banner high !
 On to victory grand !
 Satan and his host defy,
 And shout for Daniel's band ! Amen.

229

Hold the Fort.

HO, my comrades ! see the signal
 Waving in the sky !
Reinforcements now appearing,
 Victory is nigh !

*"Hold the Fort, for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still ;
Ware the answer back to Heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."*

- 2 See the mighty host advancing,
 Satan leading on :
 Mighty men around us falling,
 Courage almost gone !

- 3 See the glorious banner waving !
 Hear the trumpet blow !
 In our Leader's name we'll triumph
 Over every foe !
- 4 Fierce and long the battle rages,
 But our help is near :
 Onward comes our great Commander,
 Cheer, my comrades, cheer ! Amen.

230

The Pilgrim's Progress.

DOWN in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the flowers are blooming and the sweet
 waters flow ;
Everywhere He leads me I would follow, follow
 on ;
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be won.

*Follow ! follow ! I would follow Jesus ;
Anywhere, everywhere, I would follow on !
Follow ! follow ! I would follow Jesus !
Everywhere He leads me I would follow on !*

- 2 Down in the valley with my Saviour I would go,
Where the storms are sweeping and the dark
 waters flow ;
With His hand to lead me I will never, never
 fear ;
Danger cannot fright me if my LORD is near.
- 3 Down in the valley or upon the mountain steep,
Close beside my Saviour would my soul ever keep !

He will lead me safely in the path that He has
trod,
Up to where they gather on the hills of God.
Amen.

231

" Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

THEY are going—only going,
JESUS called them long ago !
All the wintry time they're passing,
Softly as the falling snow.
When the violets in the spring-time,
Catch the azure of the sky,
They are carried out to slumber
Sweetly where the violets lie.

- 2 They are going—only going,
When the summer earth is drest,
In their cold hands holding roses
Folded to each silent breast :
When the autumn hangs red banners
Out above the harvest sheaves,
They are going—ever going
Thick and fast like falling leaves.

- 3 They are going—only going
Out of pain and into bliss ;
Out of sad and sinful weakness
Into perfect holiness.
Snowy brows—no care shall shade them ;
Bright eyes, tears shall never dim ;
Rosy lips—no time shall fade them,
JESUS called them unto Him.

4 Little hearts for ever stainless,
 Little hands as pure as they,
Little feet by angels guided
 Never a forbidden way !
They are going—ever going,
 Leaving many a lovely spot ;
But 'tis JESUS who has called them,
 Suffer, and forbid them not. Amer.

232

“ Underneath are the everlasting arms.”

SAFE in the arms of JESUS,
 Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershaded,
 Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark ! 'tis the voice of Angels
 Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
 Over the jasper sea.

2 Safe in the arms of JESUS,
 Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
 Sin cannot harm me there.
Free from the blight of sorrow,
 Free from my doubts and fears ;
Only a few more trials,—
 Only a few more tears !

3 JESUS, my heart's dear Refuge,
 JESUS has died for me ;
Firm on the Rock of Ages
 Ever my trust shall be.

Here let me wait with patience,
Wait till the night is o'er ;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore. Amen.

233

"They shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels,
All His jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.

*Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.*

2 He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom ;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own. Amen.

234

The beautiful City.

I HAVE read of a beautiful City,
Far away in the kingdom of GOD,
I have read how its walls are of jasper,
How its streets are all golden and broad,

In the midst of the street is life's river,
Clear as crystal, and pure to behold ;
But not half of that City's bright glory
To mortals has ever been told.

Not half has ever been told,
Not half has ever been told,
Not half of that City's bright glory,
To mortals has ever been told.

2 I have read of bright mansions in Heaven,
Which the Saviour has gone to prepare ;
And the saints who on earth have been faithful,
Rest for ever with CHRIST over there :
There no sin ever enters, nor sorrow ;
The inhabitants never grow old ;
But not half of the joys that await them
To mortals has ever been told.

3 I have read of a CHRIST so forgiving,
That vile sinners may ask and receive
Peace and pardon for every transgression,
If when asking they only believe.
I have read how He'll guide and protect us,
If for safety we enter his fold ;
But not half of His goodness and mercy
To mortals has ever been told. Amen.

235

The Heavenly Canaan.

THERE'S a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar ;

For the FATHER waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

*In the sweet . . . by-and-by, . . .
We shall meet on that beautiful shore; . . .*

236

The Christian's home-going.

WE'RE going home, no more to roam,
No more to sin and sorrow;
No more to wear the brow of care:
We're going home to-morrow.

*We're going home, . . we're going home
to-morrow;
We're going home, . . we're going home
to-morrow.*

- 2 For weary feet awaits a street
 Of wondrous pavement golden ;
For hearts that ache the angels wake
 The story sweet and olden.

3 For those who sleep, and those who weep,
 Above the portals narrow
The mansions rise beyond the skies :
 We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song ! Oh, ransomed throng !
 Where sin no more shall sever ;
Our KING to see, and oh ! to be
 With Him at home for ever. Amen.

237

The Church of the Redeemed.

GIVE me the wings of Faith to rise
 Within the veil, and see
The Saints above, how great their joys,
 How bright their glories be.

*Many are the friends who are waiting to-day,
 Happy on the golden strand :
Many are the voices calling us away
 To join their glorious band—
Calling us away ! Calling us away !
 Calling to the better land !*

2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And poured out cries and tears :
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their victory came :
 They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the LAMB,
 Their triumph to His death. Amen.

238

The better country.

WE shall meet beyond the river,
By-and-by ;
And the darkness shall be over,
By-and-by ;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By-and-by,

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
By-and-by ;

We shall sing redemption's story,
By-and-by ;
And the strains for evermore
Shall resound in sweetness o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By-and-by.

3 We shall see and be like JESUS,
By-and-by ;

Who a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by ;
And the angels who fulfil
All the mandates of His will,
Shall attend, and love us still,
By-and-by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
By-and-by ;

And with sweetest rapture knowing,
By-and-by ;

All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By-and-by. Amen.

239

The Celestial River.

SHALL we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod :
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God ?

*Yes we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river ;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.*

- 2 On the margin of the river,
Dashing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.
- 3 E'er we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down ;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
- 4 At the shining of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever
Raise their song of saving grace.
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease ;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace. Amen.

LITANIES.

240

Of the four last things.

GOD the Father, God the Son,
GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

DEATH.

We are dying day by day :
Soon from earth we pass away ;
LORD of life, to Thee we pray !
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Shelter us with Angel's wing,
To our souls Thy pardon bring ;
So shall death have lost its sting :
Hear us, HOLY JESU.

In the gloom Thy light provide ;
Safely through the valley guide ;
Thee we trust, for Thou hast died :
Hear us HOLY JESU.

JUDGEMENT.

When Thy summons we obey
On the dreadful Judgement Day,
Let not fear our soul dismay ;
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

While the lost in terror fly,
May we see with joyful eye
Our redemption drawing nigh :
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

May we then, among the blest
Who Thy Name on earth confess'd,
Hear Thee calling us to rest :
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

HELL.

From the awful place of doom,
Where in rayless outer gloom
Dead souls lie as in a tomb,
 Save us, Holy JESU.

From the black, the dull despair
Ruin'd man and angels share,
From the dread companions there,
 Save us, Holy JESU.

From the lusts that none can tame,
From the fierce mysterious flame,
From the everlasting shame,
 Save us, Holy JESU.

HEAVEN.

Where Thy Saints in glory reign,
Free from sorrow, free from pain,
Pure from every guilty stain,
 Bring us Holy JESU.

Where the captives find release,
Where all foes from troubling cease,
Where the weary rest in peace,
 Bring us Holy JESU.

Where in wondrous light are shown
All Thy dealings with Thine own,
Who shall know as they are known,
 Bring us, Holy JESU.

Where, with loved ones gone before,
We may love Thee and adore
In Thy Presence evermore,
 Bring us Holy JESU.

V. We believe that Thou shalt come,
R. To be our Judge.
 LORD have mercy, &c.
 Our FATHER, &c.
 Collects.

241

Of the Holy Name.

GOD the FATHER, GOD the WORD,
God the HOLY GHOST adored,
Blessed TRINITY, one LORD,
 Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

JESU, King of boundless might,
JESU, Everlasting Light,
JESU, Wisdom Infinite,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Bright and Morning Star,
JESU, Goal of pilgrims far,
JESU, Captain in the War,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Sceptre, Rock, and Door,
JESU, Whom a Virgin bore,
JESU, Priest for evermore,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, wondrous Drink and Food,
JESU, Shepherd wise and good,
JESU, Victor on the Rood,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Father of the poor,
JESU, Guard and Refuge sure,
JESU, Holiness most pure,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Hope of all distressed,
JESU, Peace within the breast,
JESU, Sweetness, Goodness, Rest,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Shadow from the heat,
JESU, Lantern to the feet,
JESU, Consolation sweet,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, Treasure stored on high,
JESU, Gladness of the sky,
JESU, in all trouble nigh,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, One unerring Guide,
JESU, Crown of Martyrs tried,
JESU, Bridegroom of the Bride,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

From the world's deceitful show,
From the flesh, and passion's glow,
From the temptings of the foe,
 Deliver us, O JESU.

From the night of error's gloom,
Sinful passage to the tomb,
From the last and awful doom,
 Deliver us, O JESU.

By Thy coming down to earth,
By Thy spotless Virgin-birth,
By Thy Life of woe and dearth,
 Save us, O sweet JESU.

By Thy Death of shame and pain,
By Thy Rising up again,
Thine Ascent on high to reign,
 Save us, O sweet JESU.

By the Joys that gird Thee now,
By the Crown upon Thy Brow,
Saviour, at Whose Name we bow.
 Save us, O sweet JESU.

V. We will praise Thee, O GOD,
R. And we will call upon Thy NAME.
 LORD have mercy, &c.
 Our Father, &c.
 Collects.

242

Of the Incarnate Word.

God the FATHER, God the SON,
God the SPIRIT, Three in One,
Hear us from Thy Heavenly Throne,
Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

Son of God for man decreed
To be born the Woman's Seed,
Very God and Man indeed,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Thou whose wisdom all things plann'd,
Held by Whose Almighty Hand
All things in their order stand,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

God with us, Emmanuel,
Coming here as Man to dwell,
Saving us when Adam fell,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Saviour, full of truth and grace,
Leaving Thine eternal place
To restore our fallen race,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Image of the God unseen,
Still what Thou hadst ever been,
Though in form of Infant mean,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

Word, by whom the worlds were made
In a lowly manger laid,
Taught on earth an humble trade,
Hear us, Holy JESU.

JESU, led by love to share
All the forms of grief and care,
That we sinful mortals bear,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Good Physician, come to cure
All the ills that men endure,
And to make our nature pure,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Man of Sorrows, weak and worn
With Thy woes for sinners born
Lest we should for ever mourn,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Shepherd, Who Thy watch dost keep,
Guarding still Thy chosen sheep
From the spoiler's malice deep,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Lamb, from earth's foundation slain,
By Whose bitter stripes of pain
We are freed from guilty stain,
 Hear us Holy JESU.

Only Victim we can plead,
Our High Priest, to intercede.
Advocate in all our need,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

Standing now before the Throne,
Pleading that which can alone
For the sin of man atone,
 Hear us Holy JESU.

Only Hope of those who pray,
Only Help while here we stay,
Life of those who pass away,
 Hear us, Holy JESU.

V. The WORD was made flesh, and dwelt among us.
R. And we have seen His glory.
 LORD have mercy, &c.
 Our FATHER, &c.
 Collects.

243

ANIMA CHRISTI.

SOUL of JESUS, make me holy,
Make me contrite, meek, and lowly ;
Soul most stainless, Soul Divine,
Cleanse this sordid soul of mine,
Hallow this polluted soul,
Purify it, make it whole ;
Soul of JESUS, hallow me ;
 Miserere Domine.

Save me, Body of my LORD,
Save a sinner, vile, abhorred ;
Sacred Body, wan and worn,
Bruised and mangled, scourged and torn,
Pierced Hands, and Feet, and Side,
Rent, insulted, crucified,
Save me,—to the Cross I flee ;
 Miserere Domine.

Blood of JESUS, Stream of Life,
Sacred Stream with Blessings rife,
From Thy Broken Body shed,
On the Cross, that Altar dread ;

Given to be our Drink Divine,
Fill my heart and make it Thine ;
Blood of CHRIST, my succour be ;
Miserere Domine.

Holy Water, Stream that poured
From Thy riven Side, O LORD,
Wash Thou me without, within,
Cleanse me from the taint of sin,
Till my soul is clean and white,
Bathed, and purified, and bright,
As a ransomed soul should be ;
Miserere Domine.

JESU, by the wondrous power
Of Thine awful Passion hour,
By the unimagin'd woe
Mortal man may never know ;
By the curse upon Thee laid,
By the Ransom Thou has paid,
By Thy Passion comfort me ;
Miserere Domine.

JESU, by Thy bitter Death,
By Thy last expiring Breath,
Give me the eternal Life
Purchased by that mortal strife ;
Thou didst suffer Death that I
Might not die eternally ;
By Thy dying quicken me ;
Miserere Domine.

Miserere ; let me be
Never parted, Lord, from Thee :
Guard me from my ruthless foe,
Save me from eternal woe :
When the hour of Death is near,
And my spirit faints for fear,
Call me with Thy voice of Love,
Place me near to Thee above,
With Thine Angel host to raise
An undying song of praise ;
Miserere Domine.

V. The chastisement of our peace was upon Him.

R. And with His stripes we were healed.

LORD have mercy, &c.

Our FATHER, &c.

Collects.

244

Of JESUS the Blessed Saerament.

FAITHFUL Shepherd of Thine own,
Unto Whom each sheep is known,
LORD before Thine Altar Throne,
We adore Thee, JESU.

O how blest to draw so near
Unto Thee, our Saviour dear,
Who in mystery art here,
And adore Thee, JESU.

As in worship low we kneel,
May we Thy sweet presence feel,
All Thy love to us reveal,
Hear, accept us, JESU.

Faithful Shepherd, hear our cry,
To Thine arms Thy lambs would fly,
On Thy boundless love rely,
 Hear us, save us, JESU.

LAMB of GOD, who tak'st away
All our sin, on Thee we lay
Every sin and grief to-day ;
 Hear us, save us, JESU.

Sorrow for our sins impart,
Cleanse and soften every heart,
In Thy merits give us part,
 Hear us, save us, JESU.

By Thy grace within us shed,
May our faltering steps be led,
Paths of holiness to tread ;
 Hear us, save us, JESU.

Shepherd, Who Thy life didst give,
That Thy sheep in Thee might live,
Now our grateful praise receive,
 Hear, accept us, JESU.

As 'neath veils of Bread and Wine,
We adore Thee, King Divine,
Make Thy face upon us shine,
 Hear, accept us, JESU.

May our lips and hearts express
Faith, and love, and thankfulness ;
Fill us with all holiness.

Hear, accept us, JESU.

Make us love Thee more and more,
Till we reach th' Eternal Shore,
Where unveiled for evermore
 We behold Thee, JESU.

Then in worship falling down
Low before Thy Glory Throne,
We shall know as we are known,
 And adore Thee, JESU.

V. Thou gavest them Bread from Heaven
R. Containing within itself all sweetness.
 LORD have mercy, &c.
 Our FATHER, &c.
 Collects.

245

Of the Holy Ghost.

GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
God the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,
Hear us from Thy heavenly Throne,
 Spare us, Holy TRINITY.

HOLY SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,
Dew descending from above,
Breath of life, and Fire of love,
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Source of strength, of knowledge clear,
Wisdom, godliness sincere,
Understanding, counsel, fear,
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Source of meekness, love and peace,
Patience, pureness, faith's increase,
Hope and joy that cannot cease,

Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

SPIRIT guiding us aright,
SPIRIT making darkness light,
SPIRIT of restless might,

Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Thou Whose grace the Church doth fill,
Showing her GOD's perfect Will,
Making JESUS present still,

Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Coming with Thy power to save,
Moving on Baptismal wave,
Raising us from sin's dark grave,

Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

All our evil passions kill,
Bend aright our stubborn will,
Though we grieve Thee, patient still .

Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Come to raise us when we fall,
And when snares our souls enthrall,
Lead us back with gentle call ;

Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Come to strengthen all the weak,
Give Thy courage to the meek,
Teach our faltering tongues to speak ;

Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Come to aid the souls who yearn
More of truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn ;
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Keep us in the narrow way,
Warn us when we go astray,
Plead within us when we pray ;
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

Holy, loving, as Thou art,
All Thy sevenfold gifts impart,
Never more from us depart ;
 Hear us, Holy SPIRIT.

V. Come, HOLY GHOST, and fill the hearts of Thy faithful people,
R. And kindle in them the fire of Thy love.
 Lord have mercy, &c.
 Our FATHER, &c.
 Collects.

246

Of our Lady.

MOTHER, all hail ! The Queen of mercy throned,
Mother, of hope and pardon mistress owned,
Mother of God, our Advocate benign,
Mother, our treasure-house of joys divine,
 Blessed Mary.

Mother, all hail ! &c.

Hail, brightest glory of the human race,
Virgin, above all virgins full of grace,
Now at thy Son's right hand exalted high,

Pray for thy children as to thee they cry,
Blessed Mary.

Mother, all hail ! &c.

Thrice-happy Mother ! He Who sits on high
At God's right hand, through thee to man draws
nigh ;
Of Heaven and earth and sea the LORD divine,
He hides Himself within thy virgin shrine,
Blessed Mary.

Mother, all hail ! &c.

Created by the unbegotten SIRE,
Quickened, yet spotless, by the SPIRIT's fire,
Meet temple of the Sole-begotten Son,
Wholly well-pleasing to the THREE in ONE,
Blessed Mary.

Mother, all hail ! &c.

The HOLY DOVE's sweet bride, the FATHER's child,
The only Son's dear mother, Mary mild,
Wondrous in meekness as in majesty,
Of things created none is found like Thee,
Blessed Mary.

Mother, all hail ! &c.

Angels and Saints thy glories love to sing,
Yet all too weak the seraph-songs they bring ;
While we, thy wandering children, strive to raise
Some fading echo of their heavenly praise,
Blessed Mary.

Mother, all hail ! &c.

Be very near, dear Mother, when we die,
Be thou our comfort, thou our succour nigh :
So, when our days of exile all are told,
Joyful we may with thee our God behold,

Blessed Mary.

Mother, all hail ! &c.

V. Hail Mary, full of grace.

R. The Lord is with thee.

Lord have mercy, &c.

Our Father, &c.

Collects.

247

Of the Sacred Heart.

SACRED HEART of JESUS, pour
Love on me while I adore,
Sacred Heart ! Thy love :
Sacred Heart of JESUS, take
Love from me for Thy dear sake,
Lift my heart above.

Sacred Heart of JESUS ! stay
Near and help me, when I pray,
Toward Thy dwelling place :
Sacred Heart of JESUS ! plead
In me : for me intercede
At Thy Throne of Grace.

Sacred Heart that beat for me
Throughout all eternity,
Ere all time began :
Sacred Heart of JESUS ! move
Love in me with Thy dear love,
Heart of God in man.

With Thy Passion and Thy pain,
For my trifling, light and vain,
 Sacred Heart ! atone.

With Thy tenderness and truth
For the follies of my youth,
 Sacred Heart ! atone.

With Thy cryings and Thy tears
For my soft self-pleasing years,
 Sacred Heart ! atone.

With Thy prayers long nights apart
For my careless, prayerless heart,
 Sacred Heart ! atone.

With Thy loud heartbroken cry
For my heartless passing by,
 Sacred Heart ! atone.

With Thy Blood outpoured for me,
For my sins laid all on Thee,
 Sacred Heart ! atone.

By the breaking of Thine own,
My dull heart, as hard as stone,
 Heart of JESUS ! break :
And when broken, back to Thine,
Bound and healed, this heart of mine
 Heart of JESUS ! take,

All that on the Holy Rood
Grieved through my ingratitude,
 Sacred Heart ! forgive :

All that did their cruel worst,
Slaked with gall Thy dying thirst,
Sacred Heart ! forgive.

All that ever made Thee bleed,
Sins of thought, and word, and deed,
Sacred Heart ! forgive :
All that ever swelled the cry
Of Thy dying agony,
Sacred Heart ! forgive.

To the shelter of Thy home,
Never more from thence to roam,
Sacred Heart ! restore :
To the gladness of Thy love,
Never more from thence to move,
Sacred Heart ! restore.

To the blessing of Thy peace,
Never more for me to cease,
Sacred Heart ! restore.
To the quiet of Thy rest,
To the foldings of Thy breast,
Sacred Heart ! restore.

V. Heart of JESUS, burning with love for us.
R. Kindle in our hearts the love of Thee.
 LORD have mercy, &c.
 Our FATHER, &c.
 Collects.

248

For those at Sea.

FATHER, Whose creating hand
Made the ocean and the land ;

All Thy creatures are Thy care,
Thou are present everywhere.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

CHRIST, Who didst of old appear
On the waters, drawing near ;
Thou art able still to save,
Calmly ruling wind and wave.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

HOLY GHOST, Whose presence shed
Life where all was dark and dead ;
By Thy breath we move and live,
Thou dost light and order give
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

When the deep in slumber lies
Under bright and peaceful skies,
When the winds in fury rave,
Lifting high the rushing wave,
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

All our friends far absent bless,
Give each lawful aim success ;
In their time of need draw nigh,
Saying, “ Fear not, it is I.”
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Safe from what might work their woe,
Rock and shoal, and fire and foe,
May they home and kindred see,
And the glory give to Thee.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

May Thy Church our shelter be,
Ark in mercy built by Thee,
Refuge from the storms of life,
From the wearing toil and strife.

Hear us, we beseech Thee.

When temptations round us roll,
Threatening shipwreck to the soul,
Grant us faith and holy fear,
By Thy will our eourse to steer.

Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Through the gloom of sorrow's night,
Show Thy cheering, guiding light ;
Waft us homeward, LORD, we pray,
Nearer Heaven, day by day.

Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Bid the storms of passion cease,
Bid the power of love increase,
Bid each tossing doubt be still,
Bid us trust and do Thy will.

Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Mark our course, and keep us true,
Till the haven fair we view,
Grant us on that peaceful shore
Home and friends for evermore.

Hear us, we beseech Thee.

Where there is no night or sea,
May we praise and worship Thee,

Glad because we are at rest
In Thy Presence with the blest.
Hear us, we beseech Thee.

V. O LORD, save Thy servants,
R. Who put their trust in Thee.
LORD have mercy, &c.
Our FATHER, &c.
Collects.

249

For the faithful departed.

GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,
Holy Ghost, the Comforter,
Ever Blessed Three in One ;
Hearken to our humble prayer ;
Hear us when we call to Thee,
Spare us Holy TRINITY.

Hear us, Son of God, O hear !
We approach Thee for our dead ;
Lead them in the vale of fear,
Be Thy wings around them spread ;
LORD of Life and Love we pray,
Grant them mercy in that day.

Child of Mary, who didst bear
Mortal flesh, for man to die ;
Child of sorrow, toil, and care,
Grant them rest eternally :
Lord of Life, &c.

Thou Who didst let fall the tear
On the grave of Bethany ;
Who at Nain didst stay the bier
That lone mother's tear to dry :
Lord of Life, &c.

Thou Whose Voice could wake the dead
“ Maid ! I say to thee, arise ! ”
Who didst bow Thy dying Head
On the day of Sacrifice :
 LORD of Life, &c.

Thou Who passedst through the gloom
Which enshrouds the Vale of Death,
Guide their footsteps through the tomb,
Shelter them Thine arms beneath :
 LORD of Life, &c.

By Thy flesh with scourges torn,
By thy suffering human Soul,
By the Crown of woven thorn,
By the mocking title scroll :
 LORD of Life, &c.

By the quiet rock-hewn cave,
Where Thy Body slept so well,
When Thy Spirit, through Thy grave,
Entered to the realms of hell :
 LORD of Life, &c.

By Thy preaching of the Christ
To the souls in prison bound,
When was rolled away the mist
Which had hung their vision round :
 LORD of Life, &c.

By the Eternal Sacrifice
Which Thou pleadest at the Throne,
Only gift which can suffice,
For that gift is all Thine Own :
 LORD of Life. &c.

By the Offering which we plead,
One with Thine in Heaven above,
By the Lamb, Whose Five Wounds bleed
To fill full our cup of Love :

LORD of Life, &c.

In the fell and fearful day,
Day of fury and of ire,
When the earth shall melt away
In the thunder-blast of fire :

LORD of Life, &c.

When to hear the Doom are met
Saints and sinners, quick and dead,
And the great White Throne is set,
And the books are open spread :
LORD of Life and Love, we pray,
Who didst tread the narrow way
Ransom for their souls to pay,
Let them not be cast away,
Grant them mercy in that day.

V. Rest eternal grant to them, O LORD,
R. And let light perpetual shine upon them.

LORD, have mercy, &c.
Our FATHER, &c.
Collects.

THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

250

1.—THE QUESTION.

IN His own raiment clad—
With His Blood dyed :
Women walk sorrowing
By His side.

Heavy that Cross to Him—
Weary the weight—
One who will help Him waits
At the gate.

See! they are travelling
On the same road—
Simon is sharing with
Him the load.

Oh, whither wandering,
Bear they that Tree ?
He who first carries it—
Who is He ?

II.—THE ANSWER.

FOLLOW to Calvary—
Tread where He trod—
He who for ever was
SON OF GOD.

You who would love Him, stand,
Gaze at His Face ;
Tarry awhile on your
Earthly race.

As the swift moments fly
Through the blest week,
Hear the great Story the
Cross will speak.

Is there no beauty to
“ You who pass by ”
In that lone Figure which
Marks the sky ?

III.—THE STORY OF THE CROSS.

ON the Cross lifted up,
Thy Face I scan—
Bearing that Cross for me,
Son of Man.

Thorns form Thy Diadem,
Rough wood Thy Throne.
For us Thy Blood is shed—
Us alone.

No pillow under Thee
To rest Thy Head—
Only the splintered Cross
Is Thy bed.

Nails pierce Thy Hands and Feet,
Thy Side the spear ;
No voice is nigh, to say
Help is near.

Shadows of midnight fall,
Though it is day—
Thy Friends and Kinsfolk stand
Far away.

Loud is Thy bitter ery :
Sunk on Thy Breast
Hanceth Thy Bleeding Head
Without rest.

Loud scoffs the dying Thief,
Who mocks at Thee—
Can it, my Saviour, be
All for me ?

Gazing afar from Thee,
Silent and lone,
Stand those few Weepers, Thou
Call'st Thine Own.

I see Thy Title, LORD,
Inscribed above—
“JESUS OF NAZARETH,”
King of Love.

What, O my SAVIOUR !
Here didst Thou see,
Which made Thee suffer and
Die for me ?

IV.—THE APPEAL FROM THE CROSS.

Child of My grief and pain—
Watched by My love—
I came to call thee to
Realms above.

I saw thee wandering
Far off from Me ;
In love I seek for thee—
Do not flee.

For thee My Blood I shed—
For thee alone :
I came to purchase thee—
For Mine own.

Weep not for *My* grief,
Child of My love—
Strive to be with Me in
Heaven above.

V.—OUR CRY TO JESUS.

OH, I will follow Thee,
Star of my soul,
Thro' the deep shades of life
To the goal.

Yes, let Thy Cross be borne
Each day by me—
Mind not how heavy, if
But with Thee.

Lord, if Thou only wilt
Make me Thine own,
Give no companion, save
Thee alone.

Grant through each day of life,
To stand by Thee,
With Thee, when morning breaks,
Ever to be.

V. O SAVIOUR of the world, Who by Thy Cross and
Precious Blood hast redeemed us,
R. Save us and help us, we humbly beseech Thee,
O LORD.
LORD have mercy, &c.
Our FATHER, &c.
Collects.

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